

ISRAEL Eric Silver on life amid the bombs and bloodshed

Maclean's

Canada's

Weekly Newsmagazine

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OTTAWA

Public-service workers
vs. the government

STREET RACING

The thrill that kills

The personal tragedy and political shame of

CHILD POVERTY



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From the Editor

A tip to those who want more: say less

Stop if you've heard this before. At the height of the Cold War, a favorite story involved two Western journalists—one vociferous, one reserved—during a Moscow news conference. The vociferous issued his latest denunciation of the United States. The reserved journalist followed with stinging denunciations of "capitalist lackeys" and "imperialist pawns" threatening world peace. The vociferous was appalled. "Can't you get any worse?" he asked. "It sounds as if we're on the edge of war." The vociferous said to the end, and looked up with a grin. "Well," he said, "Alas!—this is the first time they haven't used the phrase 'running dogs' in five years."

That old yarn came to mind last week for a number of reasons. The most obvious was the UN World Conference Against Racism in Durban, South Africa, where one of the subjects of debate was whether Israel is (a) a "racist" state (b) an "apartheid" state, or (c) both of the above. Not surprisingly, the Israeli delegates didn't stick around Durban to take part in the debate, neither did the United States. Canada stayed for uncertain reasons, since Jean Chrétien, who didn't attend, described it as "not a useful conference at all, and ... not helping the UN at all."

No argument there. One fascinating aspect of international diplomacy is the way in which participants take basic truths and twist them into unresolvable dilemmas. Should anything be simpler than getting agreement that racism is bad? And it's not so though there was a shortage of examples of the consequences of ethnic or religious hatred last week, ranging from the Israeli-Palestinian conflict to Irish Protestant Catholics shooting immigrants and tossing bombs at pre-adolescent Russian Catholic schoolgirls. But a meeting based on denouncing that sort of activity left participants more divided by the end than at the beginning. Animosity between Arab states and Israel now appears more pronounced, and even where other agreement was

achieved—a statement by which nations that once persecuted slavery apologists in African countries, but escape future legal consequences—that's hardly an earth-shaking achievement. After all, it's not as though North American or European countries began the conference *believing* about their role in taxing slaves.

One lesson is that the more you demand, the less you're often likely to receive. It should be possible to say that Israel's treatment of Palestinians has sometimes been brutal. But if doing so leads to an overall condemnation of Israel as "racist" or "apartheid," that admission becomes impossible. Similarly, the situation of Canada's aboriginal people is, put mildly, less than ideal. But when Matthew Coon Come, head of the Assembly of First Nations, compares our aboriginal reserves to South Africa's former apartheid regime, he diminishes the plight of blacks there, as well as gains achieved by aboriginal leaders here before him. Blacks in South Africa were, by law, inferior to whites. That's one problem Canada's aboriginals don't now face: in fact, they have more additional rights beyond those of other Canadians—including access to some social goods and services, and an elaborate system of job and education grants. You can argue as to whether these are effective, appropriate or sufficient measures—but not as to their existence. The problem with extreme language is that when used too often, it becomes extremely tempting to name it out. That helps no one—except those in favour of the status quo.

Andy Vachon

response@mccland.ca or to comment on From the Editor

NEWSROOM NOTES

A national shame

Since Susan McClelland joined *Maclean's* in January 1999, she has been reporting on the increasing numbers of poor Canadians. In April, 2000, she wrote about the issue of food-bank use, and a year later she delved into the growing numbers of low-income women. Always, she wrote around as way back to child poverty. "It keeps coming up," she says. "It keeps coming up."

ing kids. It's about disadvantaged families, which some people seem to forget."

In researching that week's cover story, McClelland listened to both sides of the child poverty debate and then ventured out to talk with families. She states, she says, made it clear that childhood is social progress and lack of job opportunities have seriously hurt the most vulnerable. "It is shameful, in a country that is a rapidly ranked as one of the best places to live by the



Susan McClelland

United Nations, that a family of five spends more than half of their \$12,000-a-year income on rent in an apartment that should be condemned," she says.

McClelland wasn't surprised when she read the UN Children's Fund report "Child Poverty in Rich Nations" and found that Canada ranked poorly in a number of areas. "We have the resources to make a serious dent in child poverty," she says. "We just don't appear to have the political or moral will."

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IN THE PARALLEL UNIVERSE, IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO GET EVERYONE ON THE SAME PAGE. HERE, THEY FOUND...

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IT'S A DIFFERENT KIND OF WORLD.
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Do we need provinces?

The question is not "Does Ottawa matter?" (Cover, Sept. 3). The question is "Do the provinces matter?" The persistent animosity across the provinces, between the

provinces and the federal government, and between the provinces and their municipalities, suggests there must be a better way. Consider the cost savings and the absence of backsliding if the country had only two levels of government—a national federal level and a local municipal one. The dikes could



Where would Canada be if big government hadn't spent the past 134 years funding the initial building of our infrastructure and setting up reasonably similar sets of laws and standards across our provinces? While it is true that Canada has recently been at a point in history where it has made sense for government to sell off some mature Crown corporations, no one should expect this to always be the case. Too many Canadians would like it as

move towards the U.S. model, where it's every city, county and state for itself. Tax rates are lower, but it creates a huge diversity between regions. One only needs to compare a U.S. inner-city school with one in a rich suburban neighborhood to understand where this road leads.

Robert Pitts, Managing Dir.

The Clinton government—like Little Jack Horner—pulled out a plum and said, “What a good boy am I!” The deficit has been eliminated, and these

debt are looking for political projects on which to spend these surplus. Have they forgotten our nearly \$500-billion debt? If Ottawa wants a challenge, our health system needs revamping, not tinkering, so that it is not continuously under stress, and what about a first-class passenger-rail service between Windsor, Ont., and Quebec City? Ottawa doesn't need to search for grand projects, it needs to properly handle its current responsibilities.

Editorial Board: William A. G. Smeets, *University of Amsterdam*

Of course Ottawa doesn't matter. If it did, it would have a CFL team.

Sebastian Boykan, Southey, Ohio

As long as the Prime Minister and his cohorts are more interested in playing it safe, governing by the polls instead of servicing their necks-out and offering real leadership regarding the crucial issues facing Canadians (pollution, energy, globalization, national unity—the last Quebec referendum was too close), then, yes, many Canadians will regard Ottawa's arrival as irrelevant.

Stephen Charles, Hildale, Ore.

Depicting the Parliament Buildings in a garbage can on your cover does a great disservice to the democratic ideal. For many people, particularly those who have come to Canada from faraway homelands devastated by war and tyranny, the Parliament Buildings are a shining symbol of the principles of democratic government.

John R. Kordell, Westport, N.C.

Baseball's strikeout

What has happened to baseball? "The baseball blues," Bob Levin, Sept. 31? This once-great sport is dying a slow death and the loads of baseball death seem so notice or cure. The real health of this game can be seen at the little-league level in our own league, where there are 1,200 kids playing ball in 1992—today, there are fewer than 700. Unfortunately, the game continues to fade, and what is baseball's answer? Unreachable ticket prices for the average fan and another looming labour strike. The gods of baseball past must be rolling in their graves.

John Fullerton, Cambridge, Ont.

21st-century feminism

While reading Judith Tarron's essay "What's a girl to do?" (*Sigs.*) on the dizzying array of choices and role models available to young women today, it occurred to me that we do not seem to share the same concerns for the healthy development of our young men. While young women can employ a patchwork-like combination of feminist ideals and the more traditional advantages that come with being female to get what they want, the choices available to young men continue to be headed by society's (and women's) time-worn expectations of what it means to be a "real man."

Indeed, feminism has so successfully altered male sexuality that men now find themselves in the unhappy position of having to justify and/or defend their sexuality in the same time as young women can fall back on feminism or, employing more traditional means, use their sexuality to achieve their ends. Simply put, in the present day a girl can do it in both ways—our young men, clearly, cannot.

Walter Wiles, Stratford, Conn.

Daring my adult life, I have played many roles. I have been the subservient teenage wife, the struggling single mom, a capable woman thriving in the man's world of construction. Finally today, after quitting my job to stay at home with my third child, while my wonderful second husband works all day, I feel like a cross between Jane Clower and Roseanne. I think that the most important thing that girls have to learn is that there is beauty in



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the roles females play, and the most important part is to be true to yourself and to make yourself happy.

Nadine Gurne, Hamilton

Judith Timson's essay differed from many gender-specific articles by at least acknowledging that the lives of males are not simple either. Can it be that we are almost ready to discuss issues in the context of a single, aggregated system, in which entire genders are not cast as either victims or villains? It can't happen too soon.

Scott McLaughlin, Toronto

Pictures at night

The images in the photo essay "Night shift" (Sept. 3) truly encapsulated the work of the individuals portrayed, and are nicely linked together by the prominent one-light source. Please keep it up: you are relaxing the void left by the demise of *Life* magazine.

Mark Dwyer, Markham, Ont.

Hey! What about us? The friendly, disinterested voice that accompanies many people while they go about their nocturnal musings—the radio DJ, I worked the god-awful midnight shift at CFCN radio in Calgary for about six months in 1975. Getting up for work at 11 p.m. is just plain weird. The only reason I was getting to know a lot of the business who called in on a regular basis. Now that I work on a morning show in New York City, I get to wake up at 3 a.m. That's not plain weird, too. But the money's a lot better.

Shane Rowell, Brooklyn, NY

UFOs... skeptically

Your article "UFOs... seriously" (Life, Aug. 13) didn't quite do justice (pardon Judith Robson Colman's quote notwithstanding), but managed to convince skeptics as people "who believe nothing." Let's see. Some fantastic race that has mastered the ability to travel between dimensions through space at incredible speeds requires made-up video in Earth. When they go

home, they go in places like St. Paul, Alta. (foolishly not using the landing pad that has been thoughtfully constructed for them), and seek out the strongest of Earth's creatures, beef cattle. These sophisticated and intelligent creatures then (apparently) excise parts of cattle tissue using plain old scalpel blades. Sometimes on the way out of the atmosphere, if the mood strikes them, they will do a quick spin through a wheat field and draw some enigmatic (usually circular) shapes in the clouds to toy with those who would enslave the noble hands. All they need to do was build pyramids. You can see why a large number of Canadians are convinced this is real.

Doug Park, Calgary

Minority opinion

Milton Wong is concerned about the "tyranny of the majority" when it comes to a referendum on aboriginal land claims in British Columbia ("Time for amends," *Canada/Opinion*, Sept. 3). Checking any dictionary, I find tyranny defined as "governing arbitrarily," arbitrarily defined as "subject to personal whims and prejudices." Democracy is defined as "a political or social unit governed by all of its members." Referendum is defined as "the process of all the electorate having a say." You will notice the word "all" shows up quite often in these definitions. Did the previous NDP government in British Columbia use tyranny when it negotiated with the aboriginals without all having a say? Doesn't the majority have any rights anymore? Wong goes on to say that the First Nations have secured a date of \$150 million in these negotiations. I wonder who will pick up the tab in the end?

Bill Haskings, Seaside, Calif.

It would, in my view, be a major error on the part of the B.C. Liberal government if it took the state of its current attitude to be justification for a confrontational stand on native rights. I do not drink Canadiana as that might lead to a civil war.

Al Zacharias, Windsor, Ont.

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Overture

Edited by Shande Denel with Amy Cameron



The very full monty

A right, man. Climb up. As the hugely popular show *Puppets of the Peace* plays to sold-out crowds in Toronto, the two original Australian creators—**David Friend** (above left) and **Steve Morley** (right)—are looking for new performers to start a North American tour and help satisfy overwhelming audience demand for genital puppets. Holding open auditions in Toronto this week, the penis puppet practitioners—who manipulate their genitalia into various shapes (spiral and trapezoid, backwards)—will evaluate Canadian men to see how they measure up. Here's some advice from Friend.

First and foremost: "You have to have a total lack of shame."

Does size matter? "We don't like to say that

you have to be excessively endowed, but we do like to say that the show day a couple has to scalp with, the more he can create."

What's most important? "There are a few tricks we are going to get them to do so we can check out their flexibility—for example, the hair-braider, the Cigar Tower and the webmaster."

Does the constant manipulation affect your sex life? "My girlfriend is still here. And I bet it regularly puts us regularly in the mood for it."

The play? "It's certainly better than working in a factory."

Last thoughts? "It is obviously a job that every man would love. Travelling the world, taking your penis out far as how a night and getting paid for it. What more can you ask for?"

Over and Under Achievers

Jean duffs, W. dines and Hedy dawdles

♥ **Jean Clemons** Golf with Tiger while **Viviane Fox** dines with '99 Our PM (she's 101, but Mexican post-cinema stars as Washington's closest foreign friend.

♥ **Joe Clark** They top dog: culture lumber made with U.S. Vice-President Dick Cheney and then with **Hillary** in Washington. Not bad for the leader of the 13th party in the House.

♥ **Hedy Pige** Secretary of state for whatever begins a long UN anniversary conference along U.S. and Israel's.

♥ **Brace Swenson** Hot Vancouver director's *Lost* ending open Toronto's film festival. Check it out—a Canadian movie that's actually funny.

♥ **Gay Lofgren** Nothing wrong with award hockey legend signing on to pitch Viagra, but we thought signing the up arrow might give the wrong impression.



Photo: Justin Gaudet



Photo: Justin Gaudet



Photo: Justin Gaudet



Al Dine reviews with Jonathon and Naama Hitz

The siblings strike back

Naama and Jonathan Hitz look anything but alike. Naama, 24, is dark, has a round face and is dressed in jeans. Jonathan, 26, is fair, lanky and is wearing a trendy suit. However, these siblings are more alike than most. Both speak quickly, giggle fearfully and use their cellphones as if they're an addiction. Neither finds it easy to wake up early and both are easily distracted. And the Hitz siblings speak their minds without hesitation. It's this last quality that has landed them their latest gig—Friday morning movie reviews for CBC Newsworld. The Thornhill, Ont., Hitzes have been in business together for six years, running an entertainment conglomerate called Hitz Squared Media Group. And now, with Naama's background as a film director and producer and Jonathan's experience as an actor—including the television series *My Secret Identity*—the two are picking and

posting on air. "CBC liked the chemistry that Jon and I had," explains Naama. "We're young and hip. We don't care what we say." This no-holds-barred approach works so well for them that the siblings now do movie reviews on the Web and are in negotiations to do the same on radio—along with their business partner and fellow viper's tongue, 27-year-old Myles Shane. Strangely, the siblings rarely tire of each other's company. "We always got along as kids," explains Naama. "We were both geeky and had no friends so we had to hang out together." Now it would seem that no one could pry them apart.

Amy Cameron



A new way to achieve that healthy glow

Step right up and get your Mystic Tan

Customers were "really skeptical" this June when a Mystic Tan booth was installed at Hamilton Beach Tanning in Ladner, B.C., according to "certified tanning expert" **Kylie Ruiz**. Now they're lining up, getting tanned and paying \$25 for a speed-on fake tan.

As time blazes, there is a yuck factor no one wants—the booth resembles a human car wash. Needless to say the customer with

a solution of skin moisturizers and the super-derivative dihydroxyacetone, which reacts with proteins in the skin. The result, says Ruiz, is "a really good, healthy glow" that lasts for about a week. Without the punishing rips of the sun, there's the added

Time to adopt-a-life?

Get a beaming for a pet? Looking for a new grey-haired grandpa to your very own place of the Great Canada? With the Adopt-A-phenomenon gone whole hog (and, yes, you can adopt a pet), Canada can now give support to the national, national or private of their choice. Here's a sampling of adoptable forms.

Alfalfa shepherd—\$2,000 per year

Shirley Tiger—\$1,000 per year

Grandpa—\$300 per year

helps a diabetic elderly person in a developing country

Adopt-a-University of Alberta—\$200 per year

Adopt-a-University of Alberta—\$200 per year

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Adopt-a-University of Alberta—\$200 per year

bonus of skin left "baby-butt soft."

Two of the \$40,000 booths are also installed in Victoria—the beginning of a national sales campaign to paint the country tan. The Canadian franchise for Texas-based Mystic Tan is owned by Vancouver real estate carter **Peter Thomas**. Though the concept seems a curious fit for Thomas, co-founder of Central 11 Real Estate Canada, it's based on a Britisher's guiding mantra: location, location, location. Where better to sell a sunless tan than in a Canadian winter?

Kim MacQueen



Over to You **NANCY McEly**

Here we are, starting over

March 17, 1992. I am in my living room relaxing and talking with my husband after a weekend of shopping in Michigan. I feel blessed with all the wonderful things in my life: two great teenage children, a modest but nice house in London, Ont., our job, our health. We were even at the point where the two of us could get away for the odd weekend, leaving the kids on their own. One thing was missing, though—a daughter from a previous marriage.

From the time she was two years old, my daughter lived with her dad and stepmother in southern province, and my only contact with her was a visit nearly four years prior when she was 16. After that meeting, we

wrote to one another for a couple of months, but then the letters stopped coming. On that March evening, I told my husband that I often wish I'd would ever hear from her again. Two hours later, shortly after we went to bed, the phone rang. "Hi, Mom," said a young woman. "Do you know who this is?" My heart was pounding—it was my daughter calling from Western Canada. She told me that she had left home and was living with a family she had met through church. She had given birth to a baby girl the previous September, she said, but had to give her up for adoption five months later. She planned to come to Ontario for Bible school. We talked for ages, exchanged addresses and phone numbers, promising that this time we would keep in touch.

Over the next few months, we phoned or wrote at least once a week. By July, I couldn't wait to see her any longer. I bought a plane ticket and flew out west. The visit was lovely. A month later, the day before her 20th birthday, my daughter came to live with me. Things seemed great, but at the end of September we noticed a big surprise—she was over seven months pregnant. Though we discussed the possibility of adoption, she decided to keep the baby. That November, after several hours of hard labor, our beautiful grandson, Matthew, was born. That little boy came home to a house full of love and attention. My husband died on his 41st birthday, and I was devastated. He was perfect. And again, things seemed fine.

One day three months after Matthew was born, I came home from work to find all of the baby's things were gone. Later that night, my daughter told us that she had gone on welfare and moved into an apartment. We were shocked—and in the next

weeks, we missed the baby very much. There were a few visits, but in August, 1993—the season I still don't understand—my daughter and grandson suddenly dropped out of our lives. I was devastated and worried I might never see them again, but I also didn't lose hope for a reconciliation.

In March, 1994, my daughter phoned again. She asked us if nothing had happened and I followed her lead and did not bring up the subject. After speaking regularly for a month, I suggested that we meet to take the baby's movements on weekends to give her a break. By June, Matthew was with us not only on weekends but for several weeks at a time. In October,

I was in the middle of running a political campaign when Matthew came to live with us full time. Within a few weeks, my daughter left again.

That December, we received an early Christmas gift—surprise of our two-year-old grandson. We were starting over. Today, at 8, Matthew is the joy of our lives. People say he looks strange. Perhaps this is true, but I do have days that I feel odd—especially when competing in tennis and organizing discussions. At 48, my energy level is not what it was when I was 25. Preparing for hockey season and Cath Soares takes more out of me than before. It seems strange to find that Matthew's teachers are the age of our kids, and to have

his friends' parents asking for our advice. Things are very different for us as grandparents raising a grandchild. In addition to being Mom, Dad, grandma and grandpa to Matthew, we are also grandparents to three other and parents to our now adult children.

Since we have had Matthew, his mother has come in and out of our lives several times. At this point, we've had no contact with her since May, 1999. Matthew has adored very well and accepted us as his family. We've been told many times what a wonderful thing it was that we took him in. To us, there is nothing wonderful about it—having Matthew is probably the most rewarding thing we have ever been blessed with. When he graduates from secondary school, my husband and I will be retired. But if I had to do it over, I would not change a thing.

Nancy McEly is a diving grandmother in London, Ont.



Overture Passages

Diagnosed: Montreal Canadiens captain Saku Kaura was diagnosed with abdominal cancer last week. The 26-year-old forward from Turku, Finland, had just returned to Montreal from Europe when he



was diagnosed with a rare form of cancer. Kaura had played a full NHL season since 1995-1996, missing 28 games last year due to a knee injury (page 40).

Announced: RCMP Staff Sgt. Bob Sambo, 39, suspended from the force for leaking documents about the Hells Angels, has announced he will run for Edmonton city council. In March, 2000, the 18-year veteran was fired partly of disciplinary conduct for releasing secret anti-biker strategy documents to author *Steve Largent*, who used them in his book *Hells Angels at War*. While Sambo's future with the RCMP is still under review, his resignation for the October municipal election is "for the right reasons."

Died: Pauline Kael was 35 years old when she wrote her first movie review, but she soon became the grade-schooler of film critics with her weekly diatribes in *The New Yorker*. Born in California to Polish immigrants, Kael first pursued a career in playwrighting and experimental film. Married and divorced three times, she discovered her gift of movie reviewing in 1953. For the next 40 years, her reviews dominated U.S. film criticism and inspired a generation of writers and critics. After a long battle with Parkinson's disease, Kael, 82, died at her home in Massachusetts.

Shortlisted: The award-winning novel *Awful Glee*, by Toronto-based writer Michael Ondaatje, 57, has been shortlisted for the prestigious 2001 Irish Times Literature Prize. The award, worth \$13,680, is given out every two years. *Awful Glee*, which won the Giller Prize and the Governor General's Award for fiction, shares the best international fiction category with three other novels. The winner will be announced in October.

Died: At the height of his heartbreak heyday, *Toy Donahue* could light a cigarette and hit his first world swing. Born Melville Johnson Jr., the actor began appearing in films while studying journalism at Columbia University in New York City. In 1959, Donahue starred in *A Summer Place*, which launched him to instant popularity. In 1961, he played the title character in *Barrio*, considered his best film.

By the late 1960s, Donahue's career had declined and he began abusing drugs and alcohol—in the early '80s, he was reportedly spotted homeless in Central Park. He eventually returned to straight-to-video thrillers as *Brink* (with Bruce Campbell). Donahue, 65, died of a heart attack.

Signed: Former Ottawa Senators star *Alain Yashin* has landed the biggest contract package in the NHL—a 10-year deal worth \$157 million with the New York Islanders. Full details were not disclosed, but the 27-year-old Russian centre will earn \$10 million in the first and final seasons. Yashin, who scored 44 goals in 1998-1999, sat out the following season after Ottawa declined to give him a lucrative pay increase. His contract with the Senators expired this year.

Died: At 1 in the morning on Dec. 3, 1967, Dr. Christian Neefling-Barnard replaced a 53-year-old man who died in a car accident. With this operation—the first successful human heart transplant—the Cape Town doctor became an international star, socializing with Sophia Loren and the late Princess of Wales. Barnard was also the first doctor to use mixed-race nurses in the operating room while waiting on white patients, despite the minor racism in his country. Barnard, 78, died while on vacation, from an atheros attack after swimming, at a resort in Cyprus.

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U.S. goodwill ambassador and Secretary of State James D. Goss

Reno to run

Former U.S. attorney general Janet Reno formally declared her candidacy in the 2002 Florida gubernatorial election. Should she win the Democratic nomination, she would almost certainly run against Republican incumbent Jeb Bush, who played a key role in legal battles surrounding some irregularities in last November's protected presidential election. The final Florida tally crowned the presidency for the governor's older brother, George W. Bush. Reno, 63, who suffers from Parkinson's disease, said her condition would not impede her ability to campaign or to serve as governor.

I.C. bows out

Legendary Calgary oil baron J.C. Anderson agreed to sell his company to a U.S. petroleum giant, closing an era in the Canadian industry. Anderson, 76, a colourful Nebraskan who came to Canada in 1956, was the face of the major self-made-

dependent oilman. The sale of his Anderson Exploration Ltd. to Devon Energy Corp. of Oklahoma City for almost \$7 billion also closed the industry balance to give foreign companies control of more than half of Canadian oil and natural gas production.

More turbulence for a troubled airline

First came a \$250,000 federal fine for safety violations—the largest in Canadian aviation history. Then, hours later last Thursday Air Transat was hit with a \$30-million class-action suit on behalf of three passengers. They, along with 283 fellow travelers, had been on route to Lisbon from Toronto in Aug. 24 aboard the Air Transat Airbus A-330 that ran out



It's 'not a useful conference at all'

The UN Conference Against Racism in Durban, South Africa, ended pretty much the way it began—and raciansists in Canada and the United States walked out halfway through the proceedings over anti-Israeli demands for language that both countries' delegates feared as anti-Semitic and anti-Israeli. On Saturday, the conference adopted a declaration recognizing the injustice of slavery and colonialism and the "right of Palestinians, as well as a global action plan to combat discrimination. While Arab states were disappointed the conference did not directly condemn Israel, Canadian delegates still had to swallow a "statement of recognition" saying Canada existed in "discriminatory

Itself from the final document's language on the Middle East. Equally controversial throughout the conference were African nations' demands that slavery and colonialism be labeled "crimes against humanity." The African Union's Western countries that participated in the slave trade to apartheid and pay reparations. The European Union and refused because it felt it would be self just to potential lawsuits. At the last debate, the EU and agreed to compromise language calling on them responsible for slavery in fact steps to restore the dignity of victims. An EU spokesman acknowledged it seemed to an opening, but added "The way it's drafted, there isn't any legal consequences."

Upperwash questions

Six years after native protester Dudley George was killed in a standoff with Ontario Provincial Police at Ipperwash Provincial Park, a document presented to his family's lawyers raises further questions over Premier Mike Harris's role. Harris has

repeatedly denied that he influenced police operations against natives occupying the disputed park on Lake Huron, but the document, a memo from a civil servant, indicates Harris had, in fact, met with two officers just hours before George was shot. The governor,

who is being sued by the George family, rejected renewed calls for an inquiry into the shooting as long as the lawsuit continues.

Ultimatum time

The going got tough for the 12 dissident members of the Canadian Alliance who left their caucus to establish the breakaway Democratic Reformers' Caucus on July 15. Alliance leader Stockwell Day threatened the MPs with expulsion from the party if they did not return to the fold by early this week and abandon any unauthorized negotiations with the Progressive Conservatives on forming a coalition. But the MPs, who were scheduled to attend a joint caucus meeting,



Talking tough to dissidents

with the Conservatives early this week, were deputy Tory leader Elsie Wayne, who said that those who do show up for the joint meeting would be presumed to join the Conservative party. Between a stick and a hard place, in other words.

Computer mammoth

Wolf Street and Washington were skeptical, but hard-charging Hewlett-Packard Co. CEO Carly Fiorina was

sure her \$26-billion (U.S.) takeover bid for rival giant Compaq Computers Corp. would succeed. "This is a big damn deal, but we can pull it off," Fiorina declared. If U.S. regulators approve the merger, it would make the combined company the world's biggest personal computer firm and challenge IBM Corp. in industry bell. Fiorina, who would lead the new entity as CEO, is also a business from top-selling Dell Computer Corp. in PCs, as well as from Sun Microsystems Inc. in the lucrative server market.

A lawsuit against UCC

A former student launched a \$60-million lawsuit against Upper Canada College in Toronto, one of the country's most prestigious private schools for boys, saying he and other classmates were sexually and physically abused by a teacher during the 1970s. Also named in the suit are the school's principal Doug Bielek and the teachers, Douglas Brown, who last month was charged with sexual assault. The student, Yousa Poudras, says the abuse occurred when he was 11 and 12 years old. Brown, who was on the staff at UCC from 1975 until 1993, taught English and also served as a disciplinary supervisor.

Weapons and rights

British and Dutch troops resumed collecting weapons from ethnic Albanian rebels in northern Macedonia last week after the Macedonian parliament voted overwhelmingly to pre-emptively approve changes in the country's constitution. As part of a disarmament-for-rights plan sponsored by NATO, the vote was the necessary next step towards peace, and some collection had been suggested during

Sun, sand, surf—and dangerous waters

Just days after his deadly shark attack in the United States, Florida's beachgoers were warned about shark attacks. Calling the warning a threat to public safety—especially for kids—local officials urged beachgoers to stay away from the water. Officials said they were concerned that the close air during shark behavior, making them to lose their natural fear of sharks and diving them more popular beaches. Experts say the number of shark attacks hasn't increased in recent years—but just, there were 84 shark attacks worldwide, with just 53 in the U.S., while this

past there have been 10 U.S. attacks in the last 25 years before shark attacks. In Florida, which last year set 24th record of 37 attacks. Meanwhile, a recent series of incidents has heightened public concern on the ocean's edge. This year's first fatal shark attack occurred on the Labor Day weekend, Aug. 15, when a 10-year-old boy was killed while playing in the water at Virginia Beach, Va., where a shark swam on July 11 in a shark. The next day, a 10-year-old boy was killed while playing in the water at Virginia Beach, Va., where a shark swam on July 11 in a shark. The next day, a 10-year-old boy was killed while playing in the water at Virginia Beach, Va., where a shark swam on July 11 in a shark.



the wedding debate. But the photo series is not part of the 36 constitutional changes—among them provisions to enshrine Albanian language rights and guarantee increased participation in the national police force—most all but voted on individually and some are fiercely opposed by many deputies in the Macedonian parliament.

Microsoft stays whole

Bill Gates did not declare victory, but his Microsoft Corp. took a big step out of the woods after the U.S. government abandoned its attempts to break up the

software giant. The Bush administration's justice department, along with 18 states, also gave up its challenge to Microsoft's integration of its Internet Explorer browser with its Windows operating system. The Justice administration had brought an antitrust suit in 1997. A lower-court judge agreed Microsoft was a monopoly and ordered a breakup, but last June an appeal court reversed the breakup call. The justice department will still seek court orders against alleged anti-competitive practices by Microsoft.



LESSONS IN HATRED, ULSTER-STYLE

It was enough to stoke even some Protestant heartlines. Catholic girls making their way to the Holy Cross Primary School in the Ardoyne area of Belfast were subjected to verbal abuse and pelting with stones by local Protestants. Two policemen escorting the children—seen as young as five—were beaten by a group of about a dozen boys who set a human-made bomb fire up in front of them. Violence near the Catholic school degenerated into violence on the streets as that area of north Belfast was rocked by two nights of rioting. Why?

Religious explosions seemed few and far between. The school, which is located a few hundred yards from a so-called peace line sep-

arating Protestant and Catholic neighborhoods, is nevertheless an Protestant turf. The Catholic population in the area is growing—Protestants say they've been harassed and feel under siege. In the end, they began targeting—who else?—children, making Holy Cross the primary focus of the struggle, forcing the school to close early for summer vacation, then giving youngsters a lesson in hatred when classes began again. Just watch. It was all too much for headline Protestant politician Billy Hutchinson.

"There is nothing that justifies this," he said. "I want to walk away from it and even leave this country. I'm ashamed to be a loyalist."



Photo by AP

THE BOOK OF @BUSINESS, THE SECOND CHAPTER

BAD IDEAS DON'T GET BETTER ONLINE



Exhibit A: square wheel



Exhibit B: a square-wheel.com

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WE PLEDGED TO ELIMINATE IT. SO WHAT HAPPENED?

CHILD
POVERTY

BY SUSAN McLELLAND

I was supposed to be Ed Broadbent's own song, and his legacy to Canadian families. On Nov. 26, 1993, in his final resolution in the House of Commons, the retiring leader of the federal New Democratic Party proposed to eliminate child poverty by 2000. Broadbent called the plight of poor children in Canada "a national shame, a national horror," adding, "Our obligation is to ensure that every kid in this country has full opportunity to become all he or she can become." The resolution passed unanimously. Flip ahead a year, when prime minister

Brian Mulroney co-chaired the United Nations World Summit for Children in New York. The high point of the event was the adoption of the Declaration on the Survival, Protection and Development of Children. World leaders, including Mulroney, promised that in good economic times or bad, children's interests would come first. Delegates made firm commitments to reduce malnutrition, expand early-childhood development and education programs, and improve the living conditions of poor kids by, again, 2000. So what happened? Here we are in 2001, on the eve of a UN Special Session on Children beginning, on

Sept. 18, and child poverty in Canada is worse, not better. All levels of government in Canada have failed to provide for their most helpless commitments. More than a million children in Canada—an increase of about 28 per cent since 1989—now live in households with incomes below what Statistics Canada calls the low-income cutoff. Facing long waiting lists for subsidized housing, more families with young kids are crisscrossing borders. The number of people using food banks is up 92 per cent over the past decade, and studies suggest about 40 per cent of them are under the age of 18. It's not just that governments failed to fulfill their noble goals. They did it knowingly.

According to a 67-page report that Prime Minister Jean Chrétien will be taking to the UN session in New York, Canada is a First World country struggling with inequality, and children of single parents and those of Aboriginal descent have been hit the hardest. Good intentions were derailed by the early 1990s recession and defence-reduction plans, and funding for social programs was not restored once the deficit went toward it. Mortgage incomes were frozen or even reduced, widening an already gaping divide between rich and poor. Bridging that gap, says Senator London Pearson, Chrétien's personal representative to the UN session, is "a concern to our delegation. It doesn't seem to be something that worries some of our provincial leaders," she adds. "If we hadn't had the right-wing, penny-pinching Liberal's of spending, there might have been more programs in place."

There ought to be. For many families, the gap of poverty seems impossible to break. The federal report calculates that it now takes 75.4 weeks of work—the equivalent of 1½ full-time jobs at an average wage—to cover basic expenses for the Canadian family each year. That's a dispiriting reality for single parents, of whom there were nearly 1.3 million in 2000 compared with 950,000 in 1991. According to Statistics Canada, more than a million of these families were headed by women, and their average annual household earnings were the lowest of any family type—\$15,000 after tax. "One always wants a better standard," Pearson concedes. "If we hadn't dealt with the deficit, we would have had more capacity to respond."

The Canadian report to the UN does cite several promising initiatives. In the early

1990s, Chrétien's Liberals launched the Canada Prenatal Nutrition Program and the Community Action Program for Children for kids up to six years of age. They provide such things as food, counselling and education for at-risk families, including those in isolated communities and in situations of abuse. The Liberals also established Aboriginal Head Start to improve health, education and nutrition for native kids on and off reserves. In 1996, a new child tax benefit was put in place, which, by 2004, will give back to Canada's lowest-income families up to \$2,500 a child. And last year, the federal government agreed to transfer \$2.2 billion over five years to the provinces for programs such as early-childhood development. Among other things, the funds are to be used to strengthen child care, a breaking point for working families.

All good, say some child-poverty experts, but not nearly enough. "What we need is an ongoing commitment," says Maryvyn Novick, a professor of social work at Toronto's Ryerson Polytechnic University. "Not 'Here is your money for three years, five years.'" Novick points out that the objectives of two of the programs are compromised anyway because some provinces are unwilling to play their part. When a family on social assistance in all of the provinces except Manitoba, New Brunswick and Newfoundland receives an child tax benefit, those provinces claw back that amount from the welfare cheque. And Ontario refuses to implement a child-care system with its portion of Ontario's early-childhood development funds. "We're let conservative governments by Ontario and Alberta sabotage the national agenda," concludes Novick.

There's support for that hardline approach beyond a few provincial capitals. Many parents claim efforts to help poor kids by boosting their parents' income on off-peak fall because the cash can be spent on non-essentials. And some conservatives have a different measure for what constitutes poverty. Unlike some other countries, Canada has no official "poverty line," so most researchers rely on Statistics Canada's LICO measurements, which are based on a controversial formula using family expenditure and income surveys.

But Christopher Sarlo, a professor of economics at Nipissing University in North Bay, Ont., whose work has been published by the Fraser Institute in Vancouver, challenges the rationale behind using the LICO. Sarlo has created a series of poverty lines by calculating how much money a household requires for basic necessities. By Sarlo's reckoning, households that don't have these funds are considered poor. For instance, a single person in Halifax is living in poverty if he or she earns less than \$8,945 a year; a family of four in Calgary, \$18,299. Using those rates, Sarlo places the prevalence of child poverty at closer to 10 per cent, not the frequently quoted 17 per cent that's based on Statistics Canada figures. "I'm not saying there is no problem," says Sarlo. "But if we want to measure poverty properly we need to have better information, including the number of people who don't have enough money to meet their basic needs."

A 1999 study, however, suggests Sarlo's point is moot. In the report, Ottawa's Canadian Council on Social Development concluded that children in families whose incomes are below the Statistics



EDWARD BROADBENT, 1969

66 For too long, we have ignored the appalling poverty in the midst of affluence. Let us affirm that by the beginning of the 21st century, child poverty will be a relic of the past. 99



BRIAN MULRONEY, 1990

66 Today may represent the beginning of a change in the lives of the world's children. Today, in this hall, the children may have found the violence and the friends they have long been seeking. 99



JEAN CHRÉTIEN, 2001

66 It took a generation to reduce poverty among seniors. We cannot be complacent. We must make similar progress for children. We must ensure that children see a national priority. 99

Canada itself suffer poorer health, and more behavioural problems and worse grades in school than children from higher-income families. "The research isn't saying that all rich kids will be immune to these outcomes," says Paul Roberson, a research associate with the council and co-author of the report. "What it does say is that children with lower incomes are at greater risk."

Canada isn't the only First World country grappling with the issue. A 2000 report, *Child Poverty in Rich Nations*, published by the UN's Children's Fund, concluded that 40 million children in 23 of the wealthier countries live in poverty. In Canada, there are a number of explanations for this, says economist Armine Yalnizyan: corporate downsizing, the growth of part-time and contract employment, and the decline of stable positions. The situation has been exacerbated, she adds, by cuts to employment insurance, welfare and social-housing programs that coincided with increases in private housing prices. "In the past economic boom of the 1980s, we had public investments, people's wages increased and we expanded income-support programs," she says. "We have just gone through the biggest economic boom in 70 years, but we did the complete opposite."

That's evident in the UN Children's Fund report. Canada ranked near the bottom among developed nations in the percentage of public dollars spent on social programs, and in the percentage of households with single and/or unemployed parents. The report calculated Canada's child-poverty rate at 15.5 per cent—more than 10 percentage points higher than Sweden, Norway and Finland. René De Gooze, president and CEO of UNICEF Canada, says Canada has the equivalent resources of the Northern European countries, but doesn't use them as well. "It's our hope," De Gooze says, "that all nations will be reminded that children are our best investment for human development." A lefty pick, and one, it is hoped, Canadian policymakers can act on when they return home.

Should governments increase spending to fight child poverty now? It's worth considering a balanced budget. [Read more](#)

ACCORDING TO STATISTICS CANADA, as many as one million Canadian children live in poverty. The numbers are staggering, but the individual faces behind them even more so. Michael's battle at the

challenges faced by four diverse families in British Columbia, Ontario and New Scotia united by one common thread: the daily struggle to sometimes make ends meet. Their stories.

THE PRICE PAID FOR DIVORCE

A new single-parent family in Langley adjusts to an altered lifestyle

Gershon, Kyle and Jacob Pedersen appear to live typical middle-class lives. They go to a good school in a wealthy area of Langley, B.C. Their home, a detached brick house in the leafy Vancouver bedroom community, has a two-car garage and a spacious backyard where they can play. And their cosy living room is adorned with their photographs, an old upright piano and a small antique bench acting as a coffee table. But appearances can be deceiving. The antique and piano are the few remnants of a time when their mother, Carol, and father, Douglas, were still together and the family led a comfortable life. The split of 10-year union broke down a year and a half ago, and, like many new single parents, Carol, a stay-at-home mom, is barely making ends meet.

Things could go either way for the Pedersens. Carol, 32, and her three boys, who range in age from 4 to 10, survive on about \$2,200 a month in child and

spousal support—bordering Survival. Canada's low-income cutoff for a family of four in an urban centre. More than half of the family's income goes towards paying the rent on the four-bedroom house. The rest is spent on food, clothing and other necessities. Extracurricular activities include \$7-per-family sessions at the local swimming pool and play days in the park. "When we weren't something, sometimes Mom tells us 'not right now,'" says Kyle, 8. "That's when we know that we will have to save up for it if we really want it."

Carol is working hard to try to prevent her family from slipping into poverty. Last week, she began a yearlong course at Vancouver Community College to become a dental assistant. Canada Student Loans provided her with a \$7,000 loan and \$5,000 grant for the program. Much of the money, however, will go towards paying for babysitters and day care. But in the end, Carol feels it will be worth it. "Twenty about my kids," she says. "I want them to have an opportunity to go to college and it takes a long time to save that kind of money. I have to be forward-thinking now. That's why I am going back to school."

Carol also tries to bring a little fun into their lives. She's planned, for instance, an inexpensive but action-packed backyard party for Gershon. "It's a Survivor party," says Kyle, the most talkative of the three boys. While the food won't be steaks or worms, and the activities won't be zilly stunts, there will be cup-of-ice and water-balloon tossing, Kyle promises. His favourite pastime, though, is something he does just with Mom and his brothers. It's called the Laughing Game, he explains. "I put my hand on Mom's stomach and then Jacob is on mine and Gershon is on Jacob and Mom is on Gershon and one person starts laughing—and then everybody laughs," says Kyle, who then adds "Mom's always kidding me, too. That's what I like best."

Rachel Ashkenzy in Langley



Kyle, in key one, says his favourite activity is hanging out with his mom and brothers



Carol with her youngest child, Ashley, 4, in the background

MAKING SACRIFICES TO SURVIVE IN KINGSTON

Using food banks is degrading, a father says, 'but you have to do what you have to do'

It's that time again: back to school. And Canadian moms are filled with youngsters searching for the trendiest running shoes and backpacks to show off in their classrooms. But for the Blends of Kingston, Ont., work is filled with members of Peter Danvers' household. His six children get their back-to-school outfits at a nonprofit clothing swap run out of a local high school, or at a secondhand shop like Goodwill or Value Village. This fall, 13-year-old Holly's big purchase was a \$22 so-called skirt, or skirt with shorts underneath. She'll have to wear for the family's next welfare cheque to buy other back-to-school supplies. Holly is used to not being too money for her to go on class trips. "I didn't go," she said, "but I did stay at home in my room and doodled."

Holly has lived with her dad since she

was 4. Peter, who was born in Nova Scotia, came from a large family himself and worked for a number of years in manufacturing, junk. A high-school dropout, he had tried to complete his academic credit part time. But he was forced to quit back school and his low-paying job when he became a single dad and he couldn't find affordable and safe child care. Now, Peter supports his family on \$2,247 a month from welfare and money from the federal child tax benefit. He plans to start looking for work later this month when his youngest child, Ashley, 3, begins attending, just or kindergarten. The family pays about \$700 in rent and another \$700 for food. That works out to \$25 per person a week, so Peter watches for sales to stock up on items like milk and vegetables in bulk. But the family has at times resorted to food banks. "It was

degrading," says Peter. "But you have to do what you have to do."

The Danvers' four-bedroom townhouse in a Kingston nonprofit housing complex is decorated with colour photographs of the family. It's their one possession, says Peter. "It's important for my kids to have a sense of family," he says. "Just because we don't have much money doesn't mean I can't instill in them a feeling of belonging and self-worth." Peter also encourages his kids to chase their dreams. Tim, 8, wants to be a police officer. Holly, a basketballer and basketballer, 11, a cosmonaut with disabled kids. "I used to want to be a singer," says Joanne. "But in Grade 1, I met a handicapped boy. He'd play guitar with him and we became good friends. That's when I knew that this is what I wanted to do for the rest of my life."

Rosanne Macleod in Kingston



Kim and Leo pose in their kitchen. Cleaner in their apartment must wait.

NO SHELTER FROM THE CRISIS IN AFFORDABLE HOUSING

A Toronto family of five finds it has little to live on when rent eats up most of a meagre monthly income

On a hot August day, Caroline, Tina and John watch with bright eyes as their most prized pink, purple and orange dye into three large pots of steaming water. The youngsters then wrap classic beads around old white T-shirts and socks, and dip the items into the vat of coloured water. When they're finished, the dashboard is strewn with brightly air-dried garments—just in time to wear to school. Caroline giggles. "This is the best thing I did this summer."

Their mother, Kim, who asked that all their names be changed, is delighted the kids are so happy. Life has been rough for them lately. She, her husband, Leo, and the three youngsters, aged 8, 6 and 4, live on the first floor of an old brick home in

downtown Toronto. A narrow shed divides the kids' bedroom from the living room, which serves as the additional quarters. Insulation protrudes through holes in the ceiling tiles. The situation wouldn't be so bad if it were temporary. Kim says. But it's not: the family has lived in the cramped, \$755-a-month apartment for more than two years because that's the best they can afford. She doesn't see them moving anytime soon.

They used to live in a nice large apartment, but it was destroyed in a fire that Tina, their middle child, then 3, set when playing with a cigarette lighter. He and his siblings lost everything in the blaze—sneakers, books, baby photographs. Tina was recently diagnosed with attention deficit hy-

peractivity disorder, a condition associated with disruptive behaviour, and he became aggressive, sometimes violent, when the subject of the fire is brought up.

It took Kim and Leo six months to find their current accommodations, camping out in the interim with friends and relatives. Without a subsidised day care, Kim can't afford to work, so Leo, a self-employed handyman, takes on as many jobs as he can find. In winter, he has shovelled neighbours' driveways for a few extra dollars. But when he declares his meagre earnings, social services subtract the amount from the family's net monthly welfare cheque of \$1,047.

That leaves less than \$300 a month for all the necessities a family of five needs—

and nothing for the little extras that can help make life easier to bear. Kim feels sad about all the normal childhood experiences her children are missing out on, from family outings to buying new back-to-school clothes. She tries to compensate with activities like tie-dyeing, which serves both as a pastime and as a source of recycled clothing. But money pressing, a fear her children will remain in a long-term cycle of poverty, John has a hearing impairment, and Kim is waiting to learn whether it can be fixed by surgery. If it can, the Ontario Health Insurance Plan will pay. Otherwise, Kim doesn't know where she'll find the money for hearing aids. Tina is struggling in school and, despite his ADHD, is receiving no extra help. When a visiting reporter asked him about his life, he didn't have much to say. His sorrowful eyes, which look years older than they should, did the talking for him.

—Susan McCluskey

AVOIDING THE PITFALLS OF POVERTY

A native mother in Nova Scotia dreams her kids will stay in school

Joey Paul considers himself lucky. The 11-year-old has a room of his own in his family's house on the Shubenacadie First Nations reserve in Indian Brook, about 30 km north of Halifax. Most of his siblings have to share. The walls of his sanctuary are covered in photographs of wonderful out farm residents. He has posted a large American flag on one wall. And an empty fish tank sits on an old entertainment unit, the only other furniture in the room besides the bed. There is no toy box or toys. The youngster was given a new bicycle in the spring for doing well at school, but it was stolen during the summer. "I have more things," says the slight boy with short hair. "I've got five pellet guns and two paintball guns."

The bedroom belongs to Joey, shares with his mother, Linda, 43, and five brothers and sisters in a squarish and worn-in lot room. The linoleum tiles in the kitchen are tipped, exposing the concrete floor beneath. There are no closet doors or rods to hang clothes on, and the furnace is broken. There's no telephone or car. "I have a son who would like to play hockey," says Linda. "But he can't because I can't afford equipment."

Joey has always lived on the reserve, which houses about 1,300 people and is considered one of Nova Scotia's poorest. He and his family get by on about \$4,700 a month. Most of the time that money is stretched for food and house, not only Linda's own kids but two of her grandchildren as well. The family frequently runs out of necessities, particularly items like bread, potatoes and eggs, says Linda. She will often go without food herself just to make sure her kids are fed. "My dream in life," says Linda, "is that my children get enough education to find a job I am pushing and pushing my kids to stay in school."

That may be easier said than done. Sherna, Linda's eldest daughter, says there are many temptations on reserves drawing kids away from school. "When you're young, it's all about trying to fit in with

friends, and that gets you in a lot of trouble," explains the 25-year-old. "Kicked out of school in Grade 9 for bullying. Sherna has struggled since then to complete high school part time while raising a family of her own on the nearby Miikilic reserve reserve. Sherna, who is expecting her third daughter this month, says she's concerned to ensure her kids avoid the pitfalls that got her. She's going to talk to them about poverty and how with hard work it doesn't have to be a trap. "I will teach them about money, responsibility and self-esteem," says Sherna, "so that they can lead good and happy lives."

Sherna, 25, lives on Indian Brook reserve.



Linda, seated, smiles as Joey, upside down, waves around with his baby sister.

TAKING IT TO THE STREETS

Nicole Turmel and the Public Service Alliance of Canada are ready to challenge the Liberals

BY JOHN GEDDES in Ottawa

For a rookie union boss contemplating leading her first big strike, Nicole Turmel seems unusually at ease. In an interview in her Ottawa office last week, a few days after negotiations between her Public Service Alliance of Canada and the federal government broke off, PSAC's national president remained friendly about her childhood in rural Quebec—as though there was nothing much on her mind but the old family dairy farm. Even when the talk turned to her adversaries, Turmel remained composed. Asked about Treasury Board president Lucienne Robitard, whose cabinet post partner in charge of the government's bargaining strategy, Turmel had kind words for a fellow Quebecois. "I respect her a lot," she said without pausing to think. "She has worked to change a few things." Turmel credited Robitard for finally agreeing to settle the drawn-out battle over pay equity for female government workers back in 1998.

Like this ease in the legendary embittered world of federal labour relations will take some getting used to. Turmel's predecessor, like-spoken Cheryl Bean, who retired in 2000 after 15 conflict-filled years at PSAC's rabble-rouser-in-chief, was never in on the job as a diplomatic ease. But Turmel is no softy. Late spring, anticipating the full contract crunch, she strongly suggested PSAC prepare in dry back-to-work legislation—the expected government response to a major public service strike. "Defying legislation is not without

considerable risk," she told PSAC's board of directors. "But the imposition of legislation jumped upon legislation without unqualified defiance from our side has made it easy for the government to enter each successive bargaining round with reasonable assurance that it can and will prevail. Those days are over."

Whether Turmel will have to back up that militant rhetoric with action was not certain last week. The likelihood of a full-blown strike seemed high. PSAC's 67,000 federal members have been without a contract for more than a year. Bargaining broke off on Aug. 30 with the two sides dug in over money—the inevitable make-or-buy issue. Robitard was offering 3.2 per cent, 2.8 per cent and 2.8 per cent salary hikes over a three-year deal. Turmel had been demanding five per cent a year, but has appeared willing to take a little less, especially in the first year. Gene Swimmer, an authority on federal labour relations at Carleton University's School of Public Policy and Administration, said the gap did not look unreasonable—on paper. But he said PSAC risked and he might be in as good to accept less than the substantial raise Turmel's team has been asking them they deserve.

What's scriptable is all a matter of comparison. On the hand-learned picket signs PSAC members were carrying on limited walkouts last week, a typical message read, "20% for MPA, 8.7% for bosses, 3% for workers—It's not fair." Those decaying numbers ran up why many federal employees felt insulted. And the mismatch



PSAC's new-style protest is being an old-style labour battle. It all comes down to percentages.

had to ignore. MPs voted themselves a 20-per-cent raise in June, and the government acted swiftly on a special task force's recommendation by granting its senior ministers 8.7-per-cent hikes last January. "The PSAC workers are saying, 'We're important too—it makes them more willing to take a stand,'" says Swimmer.

Even Wilton Robinson, federal director of the right-leaning Canadian Teachers Federation—hardly a natural PSAC ally—betrays some sympathy for the unionists' stance. "The government is in a very serious moral position to say, 'We took 20 per cent, but you get inflation,'" he admits. Still, Robinson predicts that, solid or not, comparisons with recent big raises for MPs and management bureaucrats won't make a dent in public opinion, that remains resoundingly sympathetic to the headline plea of unionized government workers. In fact, a study published last year comparing private- and public-sector salaries backs up the conventional wisdom that government workers generally do better.

Confident of winning any war of public opinion, the government is pursuing its own agenda. The priority these days is attracting and holding on to highly mobile professionals—not the clerks and service workers who make up PSAC's core. That 8.7-per-cent raise for top bureaucrats was one more in the direction of what Lucienne Robitard calls "amnesia and increasing." There have also been big hikes for computer experts and other professionals outside PSAC. One subject that stirs Turmel out of her calm demeanor is the Treasury Board's emphasis on so-called knowledge workers. She calls the term itself "insidious," and says it signals the emergence of a new kind of class division.

Turmel made her name fighting another sort of division, the one between male and female workers. She started in 1978 as a typist in a federal office in Lac-St-Jean, Que., a 35-year-old recently divorced mother with three children. She was shocked by the lack of communication between managers and workers, especially women in pink-collar jobs. It was a big, Turmel says, from the one-big-family feel-

ing her parents founded with employees at the firm and dairy dairy owned. She got a taste of victory when Ottawa dramatically boosted maternity benefits after a clerical workers' strike in 1981. By 1991, she had climbed to the PSAC executive level in Ottawa, where she threw herself into the pay-equity battle. Eight years later, after Ottawa lost a landmark court case, Robitard agreed to pay about \$3.5 billion retroactively to some 230,000 current and former public service employees, mostly women deemed to have been underpaid for years.

But these wins came when Turmel was working mainly behind the scenes. The current contract deadline demands that she step out in front. A strike would test the efficacy that led her to suggest working a back-to-work law. A return to the table for a last-ditch deal might expose PSAC's few female presidents to criticism that she backed down. Either way, this new-style labour leader is facing an old-style labour battle—one that could decide whether she will last long at the helm of one of Canada's most powerful unions.

GOVERNMENT WORK: It's different

Public-sector employees earn more than private-sector workers with similar jobs and skills. On average, that wage difference has increased steadily, from 4.6 per cent in 1973 to 5.5 per cent in 1981, 8.5 per cent in 1991 and nine per cent in 1998.

60 per cent of public-sector jobs are managerial/professional, compared with 30 per cent in the private sector.

Private-sector managers make 41 per cent more than their service workers, while government management jobs pay just 10 per cent more than service occupations.

Source: Canadian Policy Research Network policy paper based on 1998 census and 1997 Statistics Canada labour force survey.



"I was elected with the government, but that doesn't mean I support it above and beyond common sense!"
John Bryden

Rebels with a cause

A group of maverick Liberal MPs wants to change the way Ottawa works

BY JULIAN DELFRAME in Ottawa

John Bryden has a headache, the kind that comes from repeatedly banging one's head against the immovable wall of government. His private member's bill to loosen up the Access to Information Act, the culmination of a three-year crusade to throw some light into the dark corners of how Ottawa exercises power, was swiftly dealt a lethal blow last year by his own party. Last month, after the Hamilton-area Liberal MP had feverishly regrouped by forming an ad hoc committee of Liberal and opposition MPs to study how cabinet ministers and their top bureaucrats avoid dis-

seminating information, House Leader Don Boudreau forbade public servants from coaching. Yet when the House of Commons returns this week, Bryden's committee will be back at work, if somewhat cramped by the restrictions.

"Why does he bother?" "I was elected with the government, but that doesn't mean I support it above and beyond common sense and reason," says Bryden. That sentiment is shared by the handful of fire-breathing Liberals—most notably John Godfrey, Dan McTeague and Alfina Guarenti—who continue to risk the aid of their colleagues in pursuit of private agendas. They know they're probably dooming any chance of being plucked by Prime Minister

Jean Chrétien for a cabinet post. They may even be hampering their prospects for later plumes: chairing committees, or being picked to go on foreign parties. But at a time when opposition parties are in disarray and most Liberal backbenchers are being labelled sheep for using the party line, Duff Cochrane, co-ordinator of the government watchdog Democracy Watch, says the rebels are making an essential contribution. "They can be more effective than the opposition because when they go against their own government, the press pays attention," Cochrane notes.

Some have even succeeded in changing government policy. After championing children's issues for four years as head of a

Liberal caucus committee, Godfrey saw his persistence pay off last September when Ottawa signed a \$2.2-billion Early Childhood Development accord with the provinces. McTeague, best known for his attacks on the "monopolistic practices" behind high fuel prices, believes he drove part of the credit for the GST rebate on home heating that Finance Minister Paul Martin announced before last fall's election. He also notes he is the only "back-bencher to have amended the Criminal Code"—when his private member's bill enjoining penalties for moonies who cause police in high-speed chases was passed in April, 2000. The keys to success for a backbencher, says Godfrey, are having a long-term agenda and building alliances. "Then you must wait for an opening. 'When you make an issue in hearing up, you have to capture the moment,' he says. 'But if there's not a taste for something, you're going nowhere.'"

Guarenti can attest to that. The Mississauga East MP thought she had a slim chance in 1996 with her bill to allow con-



John Godfrey



Alfina Guarenti



Dan McTeague

"When you realize an issue is heating up, you have to capture the moment. But if there's not a taste for something, you're going nowhere."

"I'm idealistic enough to believe bills should live and die on a free vote in the House of Commons, not through obstruction and delay."

"I'm not here to knock the Prime Minister, I'm here to make Parliament work better and make the Liberal party stronger and more inclusive."

bill to language and die with the November, 2000, election.

Even so, Guarenti's experience with private member's bills is positive compared with most. Although new rules have made it easier for backbenchers to get bills in the House, the chances of survival remain slim to none. Since 1995, when Chrétien came to power, promising to give backbench MPs a greater role in government, 1,179 private member's bills have been introduced, only 21 have become law. But while few of those private member's bills could be termed substantive, the vast majority never even got to a vote in the House—and Guarenti says it shouldn't be that way. "I'm idealistic enough to believe bills should live and die on a free vote in the House of Commons," she says, "not through obstruction and delay."

Despite the frustrations, the four backbenchers insist they remain determined to make a difference. Guarenti plans to take a different tack by introducing her bill in the Senate this fall, hoping she will be fifth-time lucky. McTeague says he will continue to champion consumer causes and work to stiffen Canada's tax Competition Act. Godfrey remains committed to expanding the government's agenda for children, and Bryden, if nothing else, plans to produce a report that will put pressure on the government to relax the Access to Information Act. But the biggest impact they can have, they say, is if they succeed in changing the "Ottawa culture" that tries to induce government backbenchers to mere cheerleaders for government policies instead of complementary innovation of policy. "I'm not here to knock the Prime Minister," says McTeague. "I'm here to make Parliament work better and make the Liberal party stronger and more inclusive."

Ultimately, argues Bryden, independently minded backbenchers are a valuable resource, not a hindrance. They can bring to the attention of the cabinet issues that concern Canadians. Or they can alert governments to policies that alienate voters. "That's why I judge the word maverick to be right," he says. "A maverick is the buffalo that on the edge of the group, ranging out right and left, sporting danger that serves the group and prevents from lagging." That outsider is also the one that's most likely to ramble over the edge of the cliff, Bryden admits. He just hopes he can keep leaping on the edge without going over it.

The bombing zone

Jerusalem is more violent than ever. Yet somehow people cope day-to-day.

BY ERIC SILVER in Jerusalem

Madison, Jerusalem correspondent Eric Silver first arrived in the city in 1972 when the British newspaper The Guardian posted him there. Living with his wife, Bridget, and their three daughters, he spent 12 years in the city before being reassigned to Dallas in 1984. In 1987, he returned to Jerusalem as a freelancer. Living in a political hot spot means there are always headline-making stories to file. But it also means everyday life for correspondents and their families—in Silver's case, his wife, one daughter (the other two now live in England, but visit frequently) and six grandchildren—can be challenging, even threatening. Silver describes how they cope day-to-day.

First we heard the explosion, a roaring, echoing thunderclap that shattered three of our windows and blew us in a daze. Then we heard the screams and rattled the car door. We live in a 19th-century house on Street of the Prophets in the core of Jewish West Jerusalem. We ac-

cuost to big bangs. Since May, there have been four bombings within three minutes' walk of our home. But the one last week, in the road between our neighbours, the French international school and a hospital, Mikor Holim, was nearer than any we'd known before.

We feared the worst. On Aug. 9, a Palestinian suicide bomber had killed 15 Israelis and tourists, including six children, in the Shalom pizza parlor just around the corner. Was this another massacre? A police patrol, we soon learned, had spotted a suspicious-looking man, disguised as an Orthodox Jew with a black skullcap and a backpack. When they challenged him, he snatched, reached into his bag and blew himself up.

The screams came from the French school, housed in St Joseph's convent. The blast had decapitated the bomber, flinging his head over a 2.5-m-high stone wall to a playground where dozens of horrified children were waiting for morning classes to begin. Some were still screaming. Pierre Wolff, a French radio correspondent, was

delivering his daughter. His car was crumpled with the bomber's blood.

Luckily, no one besides the bomber was killed. The only Israeli seriously injured was Nasser Sunkafa, one of the two alert policemen. Another 20 people were treated for shock, burns and lesser wounds. The bomber was provisionally identified as Raed Baghout, a 26-year-old Islamic militant from the West Bank village of Al-Bad. Police officers removed steel screws and jagged fragments of blackened canvas in the yard outside our front door, all that remained of his backpack and its lethal contents. They had been hurled 50 m by the blast.

Although the month was barely a week old, the backroads were already doubling in Black September. Four other bombs went off in Jerusalem suburbs the day before the Street of the Prophets suicide interrupted our breakfast. We feel as if we're living under a volcano. Still, somehow we have adapted. "It won't happen to us," we say, even though we know it might. The drama becomes part of the fabric of your



Silver outside his home on Street of the Prophets as Israeli rescue workers clean up debris and the remains of a suicide bomber.

life, the funeral rattle mulling the shock. When a bomb goes off, people phone friends and family to check that they're OK. I call it "counting your friends."

Bridget still shops in Mikor Holim's Yehuda market, although her father-in-law, Nasser, lost an arm in a suicide bombing in July, 1997, and two grandsons were killed by a car bomb there last November. She walked past the Shalom pizza parlor, where we often take our grandchildren, as hours before the August blast. "This is our city," she says. "Many Arabs still shop in our corner

grocery store and visit their families in the Jewish hospital opposite our house. If they can carry on as normal, so can I. It's not going to change the way I live."

There are many variations on the "life goes on" refrain. Raghu Ramon, who owns Café Ramon, a popular fast-food restaurant off the Ben-Yehuda pedestrian mall, has seen his business slide 35 per cent from last summer, in part because of the decline in tourism. She remains in equal measure fatalistic and defiant. "We're not afraid," she says, "but we're worried. We have to go on

all the same. There are hard times, but we're used to hard times." Her way of coping? She has posted two black-uniformed muscle men, armed with revolvers and two-way radios, outside her café with orders not to let in anyone who looks suspicious. "Even if someone blows himself up," she explained as if she were recommending the day's special, "there will be fewer casualties."

Many Israelis, it seems, have a short memory span. They soon put an atrocity like the pizza-parlor bombing behind them. "If something like that had hap-

A map of explosions in a city where no one is safe

Throughout its history Jerusalem has seen more than its share of violence and bloodshed. Most recently, as Arab-Israeli tensions have heated up, the city has been besieged by almost daily terrorist bombings—five in the first week of September alone. The explosion last week in the Street of the Prophets injured a score of passers-by and killed the bomber himself. Other incidents have been far more lethal. 15 Israelis and tourists died in the Aug. 9 blast that ripped apart the West Jerusalem Shalom pizza parlor. Here are sites where some recent blasts have occurred.



1 RUSSIAN COMPLEX, May 27 A car goes up in flames near the central police station and a Russian Orthodox cathedral in an area popular for its bars and nightclubs. No serious injuries.

2 OUTSIDE FLORENCE, May 22 Italian rescue workers carry a slightly injured woman to an ambulance after the second car bombing in under nine hours.



3 SHALOM PIZZA PARLOUR, Aug. 9 Located on the corner of two main shopping streets, Jaffa Road and King George's Avenue, the restaurant is especially crowded during the busy lunch hour when a Palestinian suicide bomber blows himself up, killing 15 and injuring 120.

4 KIDONAN STREET, Aug. 21 As Israeli police bomb squad erect themselves a large bomb after a civilian van had exploded. Police have cleared the area and there are no fatalities.

5 STREET OF THE PROPHETS, Sept. 4 Israeli rescue workers examine a car after a suicide bomber blows himself up near the French international school. It's the only death.

Canada and the World

pered in Toronto," says Reaven Gal, a former chief psychologist of the Israel Defense Forces, "it would have had a devastating impact. People would have panicked because it's so extreme, so unusual. In Israel, it has become almost part of people's lives. People are more cautious, but they don't stop living."

As if to prove his point, hundreds of families flocked earlier to the Suburban Pool, an outdoor swimming pool just outside the Old City walls, for the annual Jerusalem arts and crafts fair. Every inch of parking space in nearby Marula Road was filled. A multi-story car park raised its mass from eight shelves to 20, and still did a roaring trade. Nevertheless, Gal detects a weakening of sentiment. "There's an accumulated fatigue and hopelessness," he explains. "People are less and less convinced that any approach will resolve this conflict. That diminishes their strength and their stubbornness."

When we first moved to Jerusalem in the '70s, bombings were not as frequent. Su-

cide bombers or car bombs were almost unheard of. In the first months (1967 to 1993) the trouble was mostly in Arab East Jerusalem. We cut back on visits there and avoided driving through Arab neighborhoods. After the Oslo agreement in 1993, we hoped all that was history. We started shopping again in the Arab gift shops. I took a three-year-old granddaughter for a walk atop the walls of the Old City, then we walked through the Muslim quarter en route to the Western Wall. There seemed nothing to fear. But I wouldn't take her younger siblings on the same trek today.

Of course, many East Jerusalem Palestinians are just as cautious about where they venture. They comprise about one-third of the city's population of 717,000, and many of them have jobs in Israeli shops, restaurants, offices and buildings. The glacial a government agency sent to repair our bomb-damaged windows last week was an Arab Mos, in fact, have not joined the current analysis. Still, Ali Qleibo, a painter and

with a polio who teaches at East Jerusalem's Al Quds University, says his students complain about being constantly humiliated at army checkpoints. As for himself, Qleibo says it's impossible to visit friends on the West Bank or drive to a holiday home he owns in Jericho. Without tourists, his favorite Old City cabs and markets are empty. Qleibo is also reluctant to take his wife and young daughter across town. "It'd be advised to go shopping in West Jerusalem," he says, "when my people are being killed." And he has stopped going to the movies there. "If I go to a cinema and a bomb goes off," he explained, "I'll be seen as an Arab. I'll be the first one to be attacked."

Yet the holy city has not lost faith. Painters and plumbers, painters and clerics, Israelis and Palestinians, were working around the clock to rebuild the shattered Shalom pizza parlour in time for its scheduled reopening this week. An improvised sign proclaims: "The Shalom pizza loves Jerusalem."

So we get by. But these are days neither Jews nor Arabs in Jerusalem will forget in a hurry.

PreMIERE

WEEK

Everybody Loves Raymond
Monday, September 17

That '70s Show
Undeclared
Frasier
Tuesday, September 18

Friends
Will & Grace
Just Shoot Me
Thursday, September 20

Dark Angel
Pasadena
Friday, September 21

The Practice
Sunday, September 22



Global



Canada Post is proud to recognize the following winners of the 2001 Canada Post Literacy Awards.

COMMUNITY LEADERSHIP CATEGORY

Winner	Provincetown
Rainbow Literacy Society	AB
Volunteer Literacy Society	BC
Literacy Partners of Manitoba	MB
New Brunswick Coalition for Literacy	NS
Battle Harbour Literacy Council	NF
Colony of Newfoundland	NT
North Atlantic Literacy Council	ON
Donna's Literacy Society	PE
AKC Canada Literacy Foundation	QC
Learning & Reading Partners	SK
Adult Learning Systems	
Alpha Reader/Novelist	
Probus and Area Supportive	
Employment Services Inc.	

BUSINESS LEADERSHIP CATEGORY

Winner	Provincetown
Rising Canada Technology	MB

EDUCATION CATEGORY

Winner	Provincetown
Life Skills	AB
Chris Gorman	BC
Michael Hargrave	MB
Edith Thew	NS
Marie Johnson	PE

INDIVIDUAL ACHIEVEMENT CATEGORY

Winner	Provincetown
Larry Lyster	BC
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Greg Kelly	SK
Doreen Anne-Rae	MB
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Beer and bad French

How a very Anglo brewer has talked his way into the tough Quebec market

BY DENOIT ALBIN

Selling crates in Nanaimo would surely be easier than this, considering the crowded, discriminating and fiercely chauvinistic Quebec market with a new boss brewed in Ontario, and carrying a maple leaf and a beaver on its bottles. Yet the Sleeman Brewing & Malting Co. of Guelph, Ont., has done just that—with heady success.

Sleeman, already well-known to Ontarians and other Canadians for its traditional-style cream ale, tipped into the Quebec market seven years ago. In no time, the new beer—sold in distinctive, clear-glass bottles—pulled the rug out from under the local microbrewers. It has carved a niche for itself in the fast-growing premium-beer market, and has forced the majors, Molson, Carlsberg and Labatt Brewing Co. Ltd., to declare war.

Today, company chairman and CEO John Sleeman is a household name and a minor media celebrity among francophone beer drinkers. And the Sleeman bottles can be seen clanking among the Corona, Heineken, Belle Gueule and Boréalis on the shelves of grocery assistants and bars. Sleeman has taken in Quebec: he's been ordering beer in the café-terraces of the Grand Alibi in Quebec City a lot.

The Sleeman phenomenon fits in the face of the conventional wisdom about anti-Canada or anti-English attitudes being rampant in Quebec. It also goes against the grain of the thinly veiled contempt many Quebecers like to entertain about the drinking, feeding or dressing habits of English-Canadians. "I guess a bunch of Quebecers just don't like their beer and their politics," says John Sleeman.

For the Sleeman brewery, the fanny into Quebec has translated into sales of 1.4 million 24-bottle cases annually. That represents a two-per-cent share of the Quebec market, Canada's largest on a quarts per



"Sleeve-jerk, or see John Sleeman" (above), Lacourrière (right) oversees the campaign

capita basis (excluding the Yukon), and 25 per cent of the brewery's total business nationwide. "We had a choice to expand either into the U.S. or in Quebec," says Peter Anselmi, managing director at Sleeman in Guelph. "Quebec is a challenge, an enormous market. It is often ahead of the rest of the country in terms of future, of trying new things."

So how did Sleeman overcome his maple-leaf-Canadian handicap, and break into the francophone market?

By hiring the company chairman to speak some French—badly.

By hiring the company chairman to speak some French—badly. Luck, good timing and hiring Diel Marketing Inc., an up-and-coming Montreal advertising agency, to design an unconventional marketing strategy helped, too. The campaign shunned the usual purple-and-white TV beer commercials. It shone radio and billboards on its wayward vehicles instead. Diel also enlisted John Sleeman as the sole spokesman for the product. In emotive French, bordering on caricature, the chairman says, in a nutshell, why beer is better than my French.

For the past five years, all radio messages have opened with the sentence: "Sleeve-jerk, or see John Sleeman." "Lately, though, he has dropped his family name. John is now on a first-name basis with Quebec

beer drinkers, without having even appeared on TV or billboards. "Humility was the key," says François Lacourrière, who runs the Sleeman account at Diel. "An Anglophone who tries to speak French is instantly welcome as one of the folks, at least for trying." Then you add in the latter along among young beer drinkers. "If he can master a bit of the puns," says Lacourrière, "the sympathy effect is multiplied exponentially."

At first, John Sleeman was reading French scripts he did not understand. But he has been taking private, wordy French lessons for some time, and his handlers now say he might have to unlock some of the language to preserve his initial image. Sleeman denies: "I don't think I'll ever get that good."

So, John, the funny Anglo who says drinking his beer can make you feel "goré" (happy), is moving product faster, he maintains, than Unibroue and Les Brasseurs du Nord, whose Blanche de Chertilly, Maudite and Boofale brands were launched wrapped in a thick blanket of Québécois folklore heritage. Go figure.

As might be expected, the Quebec beer market is quite distinct from that of the rest of the country—technically as well as culturally. "Quebec drinkers have long



favored dark over light, contrary to everywhere else in Canada," says Louis Fortin, a former executive with Labatt and now a marketing specialist in Montreal. And in Quebec, the real beer business is mostly private. There are close to 10,000 actual outlets, compared with some 700 government liquor stores and 433 brewer-owned Best Stores in Ontario. Quebec convenience stores are allowed to sell beer up to 11 p.m., seven days a week. Such an open market favors the majors, who have the muscle and the manpower in their mar-

keting and distribution departments to wage the battle of the inches, vying for exclusivity in bars and for shelf space in grocery and convenience stores. "The market here is saturated and aging rapidly," says Fortin. "Any growth will come at the expense of the other guy, not thanks to expansion." That creates tremendous competitive pressures for very long playing out there.

Add to that the minefield of cultural and political activities, and it's a very complex game. "Brand names seldom get

translated to sell in Quebec," Fortin says. "Beers did not become La Bière, and Tide did not become La Mousse to sell here." But Labatt's Blue brand became La Bière Bleue in Quebec. It also lost its red maple leaf, replaced by a stack of wheat sheaves—and became a bio-ale.

The microbrewers, which blossomed in Quebec in the early '90s, unwittingly created the opportunity for Sleeman to move in and steal some of their customers. "The majors created a strong polarization between the old and the new beer experience," says Diel's Lacourrière. "Sleeman moved right in between the two." Eric Vincent, a Sleeman brand manager in Montreal, says the brand took off "amazingly fast" in 1996 and the following years. Our growth rate was in the three figures.

Then, the big players moved into the new, up-market niche that Sleeman had created. Molson started distributing Corona, the Molson brand also sold in a clear bottle, and Holland's Heineken Labatt brought in its Belgian stout label, Stella Artois, and Alexander Keith's, brewed in the Maritimes. The premium-beer market expanded rapidly—to 10 per cent of the total sales of 70 million cases annually in the province. But Sleeman's fast expansion was slowed with proportional brutality.

Sleeman has ignited with a major advertising campaign that is currently running—on television, this time, as well as on billboards. John Sleeman is still unseen—only his voice is heard. "We switched to TV because that is how you reach the mainstream market," says Lacourrière. "Showing your beer on TV suggests your product is available everywhere, that it is not just a specialty product anymore." Sleeman has acquired a small brewery near Montreal, and has 100 employees in Quebec. The next step, John Sleeman says, will be to build a bigger brewery in the province in the near future.

Watching Sleeman attack the mainstream beer market in Quebec, Louis Fortin says: "They are not the first small brewery from Ontario to pull it off. Labatt moved in from Ontario a mere 50 years ago. It's a major. It's a successful beer macrobrewery." As they say in Quebec: *tautecit, Chère.*



Donald Coxo

Watch for a rally

Bovine of beam in September and October. As inflation looms, bears bulk up. If fat, middle bulls crowd the sunlit uplands, bear fangs show their usual blueness for a high-cholesterol, high-protein diet.

The greatest experiments come in 1929, 1974 and 1987, but 1998 was also memorable. From August until October's panic, that year, crisis enveloped the stock market. First came the Russian default, then the near collapse of the misnamed Long-Term Capital Management. The U.S. Federal Reserve also panicked, launching one of the fastest and boldest liquidity expansions in years—The Pace That Launched a Thousand Tippy IPOs. The New Economy stock promoters were already there; they just needed positions of dollars for suckers to invest, and the Fed obliged. Looking back at his part in the tech collapse, chairman Alan Greenspan might recall the king in the Humpty Dumpty story: Lagged but in the long run, "If I had it to do over again, I'd have cut the human."

This autumn, the bears will probably confine their looting to Blueberry Hill. The fat-headed Nasdaq bulls have fallen over 60% or been subjected to the painful indignity of freedom without someone. The curious bulls awaiting war's make easy prey. It's still too early to proclaim the arrival of the next major upswing in the stock market, but it's close enough that investors should start looking for the developments that will trigger a sustained rally.

1. Just About the Only Thing We Have to Fear Is the Absence of Fear Itself. The worst thing for the stock market and the economy this year was the 46-per-cent rally in Nasdaq from its low of 1,619. Just when that index was approaching 1,500 (when it was when Greenspan flooded the system and uncertainty became a secular religion), optimism bloomed like the flowers in spring in response to yet another Greenspan easing. The promoters, shills and moonshiners emerged from hiding and sold us it had all been a bad dream. *Buy now!* they screamed, and, absurdly, people did. Nasdaq is almost as cooperative (on a price-earnings ratio) now as when it was at 4,000. Until those New Era and New Economy promoters get the contempt they deserve, there is more downside in technology market bottoms come when despair eviscerates optimism. Fear is good. (So is loathing.)

2. Once More unto the Lanes, Dear Friends, Once More. We need at least one more cue out from members of the central banking club, led by the Fed. The wounds inflicted on household wealth from overinvestment in tech stocks and the damage inflicted on corporate wealth from the overinvestment in tech-

nology hardware and software are healing. More antiseptic, in the form of liquidity, is needed. Fortunately, this is one government health-care system that has the resources to do what is necessary. Financial ER doctors move particularly fast when stocks fall particularly fast. Once again, fear is good.

3. See More Big Rally in Long-Term Treasury Bonds. George W. Bush's tea set was the right medicine for sickly U.S. consumers—on whom the global economy depends. Greenspan's rate cuts have helped with their credit-card cares, but have done little to lighten the burden of their bigger debt-load—mortgages. Needed now: low mortgage rates. U.S. homeowners can refinance their 15- or 30-year mortgages any time without notice or bonus. Mortgage rates are tied to the 10-year Treasury note. If enough investors panic about the outlook for the economy and stock market and rush into Treasuries, they will drive down interest rates and give homeowners cheap long-term debt. Again, fear is good.

4. A Stately Decline in the U.S. Dollar. The Triple-A-rated greenback is gradually oversold. The U.S. goes \$1.2 billion deeper into debt to foreigners every day on its current account (mostly the trade deficit). Worse, the U.S. has the lowest savings rate in the industrial world and must depend on revenues from abroad to keep its economy afloat. The General Disney scenario has the dollar sliding gracefully, thereby restoring some competitive strength to U.S. manufacturing and sending the stock market skyward. The R-rated Coen Brothers scenario has a sudden plunge in the dollar as foreigners yank back their money from the Yanks, triggering a bloody financial hemorrhage. Fear is bad.

5. Control of the Trade Tariffists. No more men blocking trade discussions. The global economy is too fragile to let Mancos, anarchists and NGOs have their way. Fear is bad.

At the nattering point, long bonds will move first. I have advised clients to switch cash into long bonds and to start nibbling at stocks. Stock prices should be substantially higher before hungry Alacra gazelles chase Karasakus-bound roars at the time of the Group of Eight meeting three next June. Fear is good.

Among the stock groups to move early, energy, financials, metals, metals, metals, auto parts and foods. Golds are a great hedge against a dollar crisis. Confidence would be good.

Donald Coxo is chairman of Morris Investment Management in Chicago and Toronto-based Jean Howard Investments.

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THE THRILL THAT KILLS

James Dean may be gone, but street racing lives. A new generation of drivers is rushing along public roads—bedeviling police and endangering bystanders.

BY PAUL-MARK RENOU

It's 3 a.m., and, with the exception of an all-night coffee shop, the plaza in Woodbridge, just north of Toronto, is dark night. Yet the parking lot is buzzing with people, most of them young, and their cars—all of them hot. It's the place and time for enthusiasts of street racing—illegal drag racing on public roads—to gather, trade notes and make the bets that fuel the frenzy. For drivers addicted to the adrenaline rush of a scintillating quarter-mile, the street scene is the fastest way to get a fix. "When I'm racing, I don't think about anything but winning," says Jimmy Verrius, a 23-year-old graphic-design student with a souped-up Volkswagen Golf. "All I wanna do is smoke the guy. The police don't come into my mind—nothing. I'll shoot as much raccoons as I've got left in the car. I'll do whatever I have to."

Street racing. At one time, that meant James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause*, John Travolta in *Gone with the Wind*, post-punked-outside-outside-outside in leather jackets and dangerous racing big-block Chevys. The movies, stars and cars have all changed, but the scene, it was Vin Diesel in *The Fast and the Furious*, and the rides of choice are hopped-up Japanese imports—especially Hondas and Accuras—nicknamed "rice rockets" that, at the high end, burn diesel fuel and cover the quarter-mile in 12 tire-smoking, car-shattering seconds from a standing start.

No question, street racing can be exciting: once a site is agreed to and the cars edge up to the start line, spectators stand within a few steps of racers who reach speeds of 160 km/h and more. But it can also be extremely dangerous: there's no room for error on a drag strip, let alone on a public road, where unexpected traffic, uneven roads and inexperienced drivers, some as young as 16, form a deadly combination. In Vancouver alone, police count six fatalities from street racing in the past year.

More ominous, with the popularity of

The Fast and the Furious, racers appear to be growing bolder, staging showdowns closer to city centers. Toronto police are investigating an accident last month in which two men were killed and five others injured when a sports car lost control at high speed and caused a five-car pile-up. One witness reported seeing a second vehicle speeding near the scene. The accident occurred at 9:30 on a Sunday night on a busy street. But the danger to drivers and to innocent bystanders doesn't seem to deter hard-core racers. "You talk to them and show them pictures and tell them about the things that could happen," says York Regional Police Sgt. Frank Auld, who patrols the suburbs north of Toronto. "But there will always be an element that wants to go out and race on the street."

A big element, apparently. Around Toronto, close to 1,000 people and their modified cars gather at the designated meeting places each weekend. When a bet is placed, cellphones begin to ring, notes are exchanged, and squadrons of sleek, iridescent cars make their way onto the street, their engines roaring as they barrel towards a straightaway where the king of the street receives a weekly coronation. And for guys like Jimmy Verrius, laying claim to the crown is a serious business. He's put nearly \$40,000 in upgrades into his green Volkswagen Golf since he bought it three years ago. "I would be embarrassed if I lost a race," he says. "You're a guy to the fallen—I want to win."

Once a race site is chosen, someone marks the start line and then measures the quarter-mile on an odometer. "We go on that trouble if the race is for money," Verrius explains. "If it isn't, we just make it." As hundreds of onlookers line the street, waiting anxiously for the race to begin, two cars line up alongside each other. In between, a blazer or starter signals to each driver. "I take a look behind me, take a look ahead of me, just to make sure my thoughts are collected," Verrius says. "And when the hands drop, I just give her all she's got."

Police are trying to give it all they've got,



On his way to meet other racers, Verrius drives through the Toronto night. The preferred rides are small imports, but enthusiasts will put any car on the line.

Preparing for a race, the driver of a sport-utility vehicle heats up his tires (left).





Police are cracking down by issuing more tickets, but the late-night street races—co-ordinated with the help of cellphones—go on

too. In Vancouver, Insp. Ken Davies says he's assigned nearly 40 officers to his Street Operative squad, specially trained to put the brakes on street racing. Davies claims police have chased most racers off Vancouver streets, but not from the suburbs. In fact, the sport there has taken a most dangerous turn with the popularity of hot races, also known as lamboes or cannonball runs. Drivers pay money in a hot, sometimes as much as \$1,000 per car. The money is taken at an undisclosed location from which a call is made, informing the driver where the cash awaits. The first one there gets all the money. It was during one such early morning hot race that 33-year-old Jerry Milichner died. Katherine was walking across a residential street when three cars approached at roughly 200 km/h in a 50-km/h zone. He was hit by one of the cars and thrown 80 m by the impact. "He was dead before he hit the ground," says Davies.

For deterrence, cops try to make their presence felt at the Woodbridge plaza on a recent Sunday night, a York Regional Police chopper kept watch from a few hundred meters overhead, its spotlight

scanning the debris-strewn pavement. And officers waded into the gatherings in padding like issuing tickets to drivers of race-ready cars. Auld, who works in trashy Markham, says drivers in such situations are "either charged with inquiring if they don't leave the place, or under the Highway Traffic Act if they're on the road. And if they're caught racing by our officers, they're not charged with racing—they're being charged with dangerous operation, which now is a criminal offence. It gives you a criminal record, and you lose your licence if convicted."

Recognizing the danger of racing on the street, 25-year-old Kevin Yu says he's pushing for something else—legitimacy of the sport. Along with three friends, he helped start Dufferin, which promotes an annual car and culture exhibition and recently hosted street-style racing at an established track southwest of Toronto. Yu, who says street racing is still very much a passion, says he and his partners are trying to get people to realize the benefits of a controlled environment. "On the track, you get a time slip, on the street, you don't," he says. "So racing on the track

makes a lot more sense if you're really serious about it." What's more, he adds, is that at the track, emergency crews are on hand in case something goes wrong. "We're saying, 'Come to the track and do it where it's safe,'" Yu says. He and his partners are planning to incorporate an education campaign highlighting the danger of street racing into future Dufferin events.

Though popular, the Dufferin alternative isn't going to wipe out the action on the street. "That's never, ever gonna happen," Vervino says, explaining. "That's always going to be a situation where there's heated arguments and no one wants to waste their time and say, 'We'll settle this at the racetrack.' We'll pick a road, we'll do it for this much and then we'll go home." On this point, racers and cops agree. Auld, a 20-year police veteran, says kids will always race cars, cops will always chase them, and bad things will sometimes happen. "I know that," he says with a note of resignation, "for a fact."

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In the end, it's only hockey

A fellow player's illness casts a pall over a pre-Olympic camp



Roy is one of four great goalies vying for No. 1

BY JAMES DEASON



It was supposed to be hockey week in Canada. The country's best players were lining up for a pre-Olympic go-to-leaves-ya-in-Calgary—37 hospitals adding for 23 spots on the team that will go to the Winter Games next February in Salt Lake City. The rush had both fans and insiders speculating on possible line combinations, whether any of the youngsters invited to camp would crack the lineup, and which of four great goalies would be named No. 1. And there were all those juicy stories: a headache-free Eric Lindros in pads again, a sober Tom Flanagan back from rehab, an intense Mike Lennox wearing the maple leaf again, and a serious Wayne Gretzky playing the heavy in all-black outfits. For hockey fans,

it was an all-you-can-eat buffet. But then, just before practice on Day 3, everyone lost their appetite. Back in Montreal, Canadiens captain Saku Koivu was diagnosed with abdominal cancer, and the news hit Father David Bauer arena like a Score Sportsbook bodycheck. The prognosis was uncertain for the popular Koivu. So when the workout finally began, the players seemed listless and quiet. At one point, former Habs Mark Recchi—Koivu's roommate before being traded to Philadelphia, and still a close friend—huddled along the side boards with another former teammate, goaltender Patrick Roy. Roy's face was obscured by his mask, but Recchi's puffy eyes told plenty. "I just want to go to Montreal as soon as I can," an emotional Recchi said later, "to spend some time with him."

Sport is often great entertainment and occasionally even uplifting—but it was no

match for the hardship of Koivu's story. Only 26 and engaged to be married, the Finn is one of sport's true gentlemen, stoic and committed even during the Habs' recent woeful seasons. While he'd been plagued by injuries—he missed 28 games last year with a knee injury—he'd worked hard to be fit for the opening of the Habs' training camp. "We're definitely still in shock," his winger, Brian Savage, said for the rest of the Canadiens. "He had his best summer working out and now his world has been turned upside down."

It was clear from the dejection of the players in Calgary that Koivu was still on their minds even when camp began. For sometime between now and December, when team boss Gretzky, his assistant Kevin Lowe and head coach Pat Quinn have to choose their final Olympic roster, the excitement will come back. Nothing can sport fans' blood in Canada like in-

ternational hockey. And by then, the hard personal decisions will seem important again. Among other things, Quinn said, the camp "underscored our decisions, starting in goal, are not going to be easy."

That was evident in the non-contact scrimmages on the large ice surface at Father Bauer arena. They were spirited, hard-fighting affairs. Lindros and Flanagan, perhaps with more to prove, shone particularly brightly in the all-star sherry. Ken Primeau and Owen Nolan were impressive, too. And who can choose between Roy, Martin Brodeur, Curtis Joseph and Ed Belfour in goal? Or which four of the same centers in camp will end up taking the forefront in Salt Lake?

Until someone beats them, the world and Olympic champion Canis are still No. 1. But this Canadian team offers room for hope for gold than the 1998 squad simply by having the untested Lennox and a healthy Pat Roy on the roster. Gretzky and company are trying to improve in other ways as well. They hope to ingrain the European "scare" oval skating advantage



Alking Koivu, Gretzky and Quinn will face tough calls

by choosing players with more speed and puck-handling ability. And they can't just pick whoever's having the best NHL season—that's not the same game. "This is the best hockey anywhere, very competitive, very high speed," said Glen Sather, who headed Canadian teams at the 1994 world championships and the 1996 World Cup. "But a lot of players can't play at this tempo, even a lot of the better players. They can adjust from the NHL, so this."

For a four-day one-on-one and one-on-one tournament, the natural impulse is to choose veterans. But they hope to blend some kids into the lineup, and lightning-quick forwards Alex Tanguay and Simon

Gagné, both 21, and mobile defenceman Eric Browne, 22, played so well last week that the coaches will be hard-pressed to natchade them in February. "This is great, awesome," enthused Browne, whose girls revealed a sure sign of youth—he has all his own teeth. "The bigger thing a young guy like me can do a play to win as I can and milk it for all the experience I can get. It's a privilege just to be here."

It will feel less like a privilege in February if things go poorly. A hockey-mad nation expects nothing less than victory—to erase the stain of Nagano and the disappointing 1996 World Cup. That's why Gretzky made sure to add Steve Yzerman. Teams need leaders and take players, and Yzerman, 36, provides both. He's won Stanley Cups, he understands the Olympic pressure and he shares his buddy Gretzky's passion for Olympic glory. He watched other athletes in Nagano win gold, and he's determined to get one for the men's hockey team—and for the country. "We all," he says, "walk a little taller, with our heads higher, when we win."

ALZHEIMER'S DISEASE Recognize the warning signs — and treat them

Advertisement

Alzheimer's disease affects one family in four in Canada. The good news is that Alzheimer's devastating effects can now be treated with medication that delays the progression of the symptoms of the disease.

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Do it now
If you are a young thing, you must provide care for a parent, spouse, or other loved one with Alzheimer's, you should know that there is medication that could help in treating the symptoms of the disease. Talk to your family physician about it today.

When the kidneys fail

Most patients face dialysis or death, and donor organs are in short supply



BY JANE O'HARA

Almost 14,000 Canadians with kidney failure are being kept alive by dialysis, a number that has doubled in the past decade. There is no cure for kidney failure, the treatment is punishing, and once you are on dialysis, there are only two ways off—death or a kidney transplant. Across Canada, only 30 to 40 per cent of dialysis patients are waitlisted for transplants from deceased organ donors, but kidney care is so scarce it can take up to a decade to get one—if the patient survives that long.

That prognosis was simply unacceptable to Janet MacNaughton, a robust, active 60-year-old from Hardy Island, on the Georgia Strait off Vancouver Island. Tired by kidney failure early last year, she endured a few months of what she terms the "hell" of dial-

ysis, close to her mind to getting a kidney no matter what it took. On Aug. 27, by then barely able to function, she received a kidney from a close friend in a four-hour operation in Vancouver. Her story.

Janet MacNaughton knew she was in trouble during a game of tennis in May of last year. Most days she could play for two hours without tiring, but this time she quit after 45 minutes and had to be helped to her car. She saw her doctor the next day. Blood tests showed she was personally close to complete kidney failure. One critical test, measuring creatinine—a waste product in the blood—was 10 times the normal level. Looking at her results, her doctor told her "I'm amazed you're still walking around." He encouraged her to start dialysis in Vancouver immediately. MacNaughton had been told five years

earlier that her kidneys were failing and she might need dialysis. Then, she says, she was able to reverse the deterioration using a combination of foul-smelling Chinese herbs, meditation and a strict diet. But this time the situation was grim. MacNaughton, who worked as an artist most of her life, had run a bed and breakfast on Hardy Island since 1995. She was well-known in the community for organizing an annual sand-castle competition and helping to organize a social program for Hardy's elderly residents. Suddenly, these days were over.

Kidney disease is a progressive, often silent adversary. Many suffer for five or more years before the symptoms—fatigue, nausea, headaches—even as their kidneys are slowly shutting down. In most cases in association with diabetes or high blood pressure. Like most Canadians, Mac-



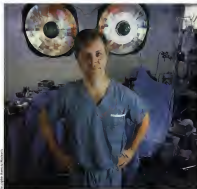
MacNaughton's exhausting dialysis sessions (opposite) used lines like the one shown in actual size. Gorday (below) says the transplanted kidney has responded slowly but is starting to show signs that it will work

Naughton knew almost nothing about dialysis. What little understanding she had came from photos in newspapers—patients lounging in comfy recliner chairs, reading books, seemingly enjoying their downtime. "When my doctor said I had to go to Vancouver for dialysis," she says, "he said it as though I had to be fired for new shoes."

As medical treatments go, dialysis seems both innocuous and modest. Some less restrictive forms of the treatment can be done at home, but for well over two-thirds of dialysis patients it's an exhausting cycle of trips to a medical facility three times a week. There, for four hours at a time, patients are hooked up to 540,000 machines the size of a small refrigerator. During dialysis, two needles stick the size of prongs on a dinner fork are inserted into a vein that has been surgically connected to an artery, usually in the arm. One needle takes the blood from the body and through the machine, the other cycles it back minus the toxins and excess fluids. The process, while lifesaving, may leave patients exhausted and aching.

No stranger to adversity, MacNaughton had bounced back from other challenges. Life had thrown at her. In 1966, she became a young widow when her husband, while serving with the Royal Canadian Air Force, died when his plane crashed during a search and rescue mission near Hope, B.C. Although she moved to Hawaii, she made regular visits back to Hardy Island, where in 1973, she bought a rustic, two-room cabin for use during the summer months. She married two more times and raised two daughters almost single-handedly by running her own art-and-craft business, doing everything from making aprons to selling her paintings to tourists. "That paid the bills," she says, "though I never was more than two weeks ahead."

In 1983, looking for a more stable income, she moved permanently back to British Columbia and rebuilt her cabin into the Seagrass Landing B&B—one of the most picturesque bed and breakfasts



on one of British Columbia's most sought-after tourist destinations.

Even in MacNaughton's toughest times her music and optimistic nature has pulled her through. "I don't get down about things," she says. "I've probably not been depressed for more than 10 hours in my whole life." But since last year, no amount of optimism could ease MacNaughton's kidneys. She was soon barely able to get out of bed. The scales in her system gave her a chronic case of the dry heaves. Her kidneys burned. "They were like two hot potatoes in my back," she says. Finally, she began suffering congestive heart failure.

In August of last year, at her doctor's urging, she had a friend take her to St. Paul's Hospital, part of Providence Health Care in downtown Vancouver, a six-hour journey on two highways and three ferries. There was no time to wait the 12 weeks it

generally takes for a newly made dialysis access site in the arm to heal enough for use. Instead, MacNaughton underwent emergency surgery to insert a temporary catheter into her jugular vein.

MacNaughton was awake, under a local anesthetic, as a surgeon made an incision at the base of her neck, then trained tubing under her jugular vein beneath her collarbone with the tubes exiting above her right breast. The pain was excruciating and she started vomiting. "I was praying to pass out," she says. Throughout, the surgeon tried to be encouraging. "You're doing great. You're doing great." Says MacNaughton: "I could have slugged him."

The next day, she had her first dialysis treatment in a unit with 43 whirling machines that ran full out, morning till night, seven days a week. She saw people far worse off than herself, some wheeled in on

gurneys and others pushed in wheelchairs. She heard people crying out when they started cranking—a side effect for some patients as the machine rapidly moves fluid from the body. The machines beeped constantly, sounding an alarm when something went wrong.

After four hours on the machine, an exhausted MacNaughton could barely make it to the street where family members had parked to pick her up. The next day it was all she could do to recover. The day after that, she was back for dialysis. "I felt like I had walked through a curtain of knowing nothing about dialysis to knowing too much," she says. "I didn't realize that I'd just get sicker and sicker and that I'd be on it for the rest of my life. It was hell."

The realization dawned of what lay ahead. Unable to run her B&B, MacNaughton hired a friend to manage it for her. She found a \$600-a-month basement apartment, a \$10 cab ride from St. Paul's and began living off credit and a small pension from the Canadian military. She was too exhausted from the treatments to shop for food or cook for herself. In spite of the support offered by her five siblings and two daughters, she was pretty much on her own. "I looked in people around me and wondered how they could just stand to my story like this," she said.

And it was just going to get worse. In September, doctors said it was time to build a permanent access site. But connecting the vein and artery to create what is known as a fistula can be a tricky business: they often don't work and can have terrible complications. When MacNaughton awoke from the surgery, the pain was so great she thought her arm had been amputated. A half-inch-wide red welt where the incision had been made ran from her right armpit to just below her elbow. The itching was gone in her hand—a condition that in extreme cases can cause fingernails to blacken and fall off. "Fistulas are the Achilles heel of dialysis," says Dr. Stanley Fenton, a nephrologist at Toronto General Hospital. "For many patients, it's a major medical issue."

MacNaughton's fistula didn't work. Even after the 3½-month wait to allow the vein to enlarge and strengthen, it collapsed when the doctors tried to insert the needles to start dialysis. Again and again they tried, until finally, the surgeon proposed another procedure, involving moving a large vein

from her leg to her arm. MacNaughton refused. "No, you've had your chance," she told him. "My hands are all wound and I have lumps in my arm that feel like hard plastic has been implanted. I couldn't put a pin with any more surgery."

MacNaughton realized it was just a matter of time until her temporary catheter malfunctioned. Under the auspices of the B.C. Transplant Society, she turned her attention to finding a kidney from a live donor. The most common route hinged



MacNaughton (left) met Shaler in Brazil.

only transplant from a cadaver, was not an option—there were already about 500 people on British Columbia's waiting list. Only 45 to 60 of those organs became available each year. "It would take about 10 years for me to work my way to the top of the list," says MacNaughton, "and by then I'd be too old or too sick for them to want a good kidney on me."

Luckily, MacNaughton had a large family and a wide circle of friends. Ten people agreed to be tested to see if their blood and tissue types matched hers. She had other encouraging news in December—a dialysis clinic was opening on Vancouver Island. She allowed her to move back home to Huxley Island, even though it meant an exhausting nine-hour round-trip by boat and two ferries three times a week.

Reins still went from doctors that they had found not one but two matches for a kidney transplant. One was her older

sister, Miriam Ulyrch. The other was a friend, Sofia Shaler, a 51-year-old Vancouverite who had run group homes for children. Shaler and MacNaughton became close in 1998 when they worked in the slums of Brazil as volunteers for Street Angels, a charity that Ulyrch runs. While Shaler had some qualms about the operation, her resolve was clear: "I couldn't just stand by and see a friend dying," she said. "I felt a sense of humanity that I would be able to help someone live. It was a gift."

Shaler delivered her own gift on Aug. 27. In a three-hour operation at St. Paul's Hospital, surgeon Dr. William Gossley removed Shaler's left kidney. Then, in a four-hour procedure, he transplanted it into MacNaughton's lower abdomen, leaving her two "native" kidneys in place. For the 37-year-old Gossley, who's performed about 270 transplants, both operations were "routine." The new kidney produced urine even before MacNaughton was completely stitched up.

But it wasn't over yet. Shaler was recovering quickly, but early tests showed toxin building up dangerously in MacNaughton's blood. A biopsy brought worse news: the kidney was being rejected. "I never expected this," said the bitterly disappointed patient. Her doctors put her back on dialysis while they sought the right cocktail of anti-rejection drugs to get her new kidney functioning. By late last week, more than a week after the transplant, the new organ had clearly kicked in. "Hallelujah," exclaimed MacNaughton as she prepared to move to an apartment where she would continue her recovery. "I feel like I have given birth."

As tough as her ordeal has been, MacNaughton appears to be well on the road to recovery. Even with a daunting regimen of anti-rejection medication facing her, she is one of the lucky ones. Thousands upon thousands of Canadians on dialysis will wait years for the luxury of a transplant, but will never get one. "There are people dying on the waiting list every year," says Beryl Ferguson, national program director of the Kidney Foundation of Canada. With experts predicting that the number of cases of renal failure will double again in the next decade, and no sign that the supply of donor kidneys will increase, for many it can only mean a difficult survival, hooked up to a machine. ■



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Into the robbers' den

A powerful debut mines the Rock's dark history

RIVER THIEVES

By Michael Cramsey
Doubleday, 335 pages, \$34.95

It becomes a commonplace for readers and critics alike to declare that Canadian literature is in a golden age. By that, most people mean international prize-winning works by established authors, but this year alone has seen a run of astonishing first novels by thingsomething writers, including *Mormon Shave* by Michael Redhill, Dennis Beck's *The Ash Garden* and now, *River Thieves*. Like Redhill, Michael Cramsey is a gifted poet turned novelist; like Beck, he is drawn to big historical themes. And like both authors, Cramsey has created, in his tale of the first encounter between native Beothuk Indians in his novel Newfoundland, a

stunningly polished and powerful book. In 1819, Royal Navy officer David Buchan is charged with a mission to establish a friendly relationship between the

British and the first-disappearing natives. That means a difficult winter trek up the River Exploits towards Red Indian Lake, a place named after the Beothuks, who cover their bodies with the red ochre found nearby. It also means relying far and on the Poyons, the area's most prominent settlers and notorious Indian killers. Soon, Buchan, the innocent from the Old Country, is entangled in the secret world of John Peyton, his father, John Sr., and their fiercely independent housekeeper, Cassie. The expedition ends badly when, after an exchange of hostages, the

Indians kill their captives, then behind them. Nine years later, in pursuit of a government reward, the Poyons try again and that time, after a struggle almost as bloody, return with a young Beothuk woman. Buchan is sent back to the Exploits to investigate the circumstances surrounding her capture. By the time he arrives, Demondia, the woman now called Mary Marsh, knows enough English to tell a story that changes the lives of the Poyons—and Buchan—as completely as her own has been destroyed.

Throughout, Cramsey's craftsmanship is masterful. As he seamlessly moves between memories and present events, glossing over history from one perspective and planning them into a well from another, his juxtaposition the casual incomprehension of whole peoples with the equally profound misunderstandings among the individual characters. Even the title resonates with more than one meaning. There are river thieves aplenty from the Beothuks who pilfer furs far traps laid along the Exploits by the settlers, to the

Poyons, who steal an entire ship—almost an entire crew— from the Beothuks.

But Cramsey's most brilliant stroke is a use of occasion. He never enters into the mind of the Beothuks, never parades notions from their perspective, leaving them the same shadows as they appear in the historical record, a blank canvas onto which Europeans projected so many financial hopes and fears. (Buchan's mission brings along a Norwegian-speaking mission, just in case speculation proves true that the first Indians are Viking descendants.) The killings and possessions—deceptions of 1810—as sexual events—is as reprehensible, and disturbing, to the reader as it was to the Beothuks.

There are actual people here, too, including Buchan and John Peyton. Unlike his approach to the Beothuks, Cramsey completely reimagines their lives with a texture liberty that a historian would find anomic. Even the reader seems to have had a twinge of guilt. Warned by Buchan's investigation, Peyton reads the officer's journal. But he's afraid to open it, afraid to read how he and his father could be made to appear, and not just by Buchan. "Two hundred years from now, he knows, some stranger could use his bones from the earth and put whatever words they liked in his mouth. It was a burden, a helpful feeling."

But there are no moments in *River Thieves*, only elegantly flawed characters—including Newfoundland Red, a harsh lead with a harsh history. "What a backward country you live in," exclaims one Englishman to John Peyton, reasonably enough, after suddenly drifting into a nearby fish dunn. But it also emerges as a land of beauty, and one with a rich voice, evidentially exploited by Cramsey. Most of the local phrases are understandable in context, especially the insults, but much arrives as repetition as the Beothuks ("What a noise, for instance, of 'no' to be adding a horse foaled by an ass, I can tell you.") More impressive is Cramsey's own voice, expressed in elegant prose, as in his description of the death of an Inuit. "The constant damp and cold of the governor's residence smothered him like a predator running down a wounded animal." Much as Cramsey himself runs down the last words hidden in the hours of his ancestor.

Brian Barlow

Bewitched, bothered and bewildered

LEWIS IT

By Alan Cumey
McClelland & Stewart, 365 pages, \$34.95

Lewis It (McClelland) is an extraordinary illustrated book from last year. Alan Cumey spun the anguished tale of a Canadian human-rights activist who returns to the Klamath country where he endured months of torture. Already the Ottawa writer's book with another novel, his fifth in eight pages. This time, Cumey, 41, has shifted his gaze from the broad, gritty canvas of global humanity to the prickly confines of the family. And once again, he proves himself a literary original, assured storyteller.

LEWIS IT also displays a knack for understated humor that wasn't evident in *Rumplestiltskin*. The book chronicles several days in a household that's like most—ordinary as the surface, blown in this most surprising and often funny ways. Bob Sterling is a middle-aged English professor in Ottawa, a loving husband and a largely laid-back father. At the novel opens, he's about to read his first novel to a class of students and for a second feels he can no longer contain the desire of history (it would spoil matters) to write two more about it. His much younger wife, Julia, formerly his student, has put her own academic explorations on hold to look after their son, Matthew, who is almost 2. And she is completely spent from also having to shoulder responsibility for her mother, Lenora, now adrift in the wake of Alzheimer's. Yet Julia remains the smart, solid nucleus of the clan, trying to hold things together while the others "test it" to the unknown always ready to intrude on even the most sacred lives.

For Bob, it all starts to give way when he travels to New York City for a conference on Edgar Allan Poe. His spontaneity, with a beautiful student, named Lenora. His frustration with her obsession with a decision to try out some mail-order sex paraphernalia. There is much hilarity as Bob's contemplation, and his tiny provincial provincialism, especially take him to the joys of cabernet. He is also an acute observer who sees the absurdity of the world as he goes. Back on the home front, Lenora escapes from the institution where a guilty Julia has placed her. The daughter frenetically joins a

police sweep of the park where Lenora was spotted, on the way remembering the take-chance warning her mother once was.

To the relief of the in-crisis Cumey brings a subtle understanding of volatile family emotion—how Julia can seem from moment to moment to be guilty in secret, how spouses communicate in a coded, how spousal his writing, meanwhile, is often autistic. The lengthy segments from from Lenora's added



Cumey has fun with a trickster

point of view are brilliant and moving; despite her confusion, she senses that Julia has chosen a husband who's too much like the hard-driving Lenora, Lenora's deceased spouse. Cumey also presents a vivid impression of Lenora's state of mind when under the influence of a standard cocktail drink, which sounds like vintage And he must have had a ball painting Lenora's dingy poetry, which is spectacularly ridiculous, the Great Wenley Hopkins on LSD.

But it's Bob who is most memorable in *Lewis It*. He is neurotic and ballistics, but almost endearing by the end of the novel, perhaps because he is so broken, even innocent, as a sexual deviant. Cumey's view seems to be that all you can do in the face of aging the body, which gives the finger to any traditional sense of a meaningful life, is to laugh wryly and carry on—or, in Lenora's words, "laugh and burn." *Patricia Mearns*

Cramsey shows a masterful craftsmanship





FILMS BRIAN D. JOHNSON

The light fantastic

At a star-studded film festival, Canadian cinema finds its sense of humour

Our cinema has become severely typecast. When you think of Canadian movies, you think of co-eds, academics and intense existential angst and music pacing. And that's the fun part. In recent years, English Canada's two big directors, David Cronenberg and Atom Egoyan, have dominated the scene as the odd couple Sexual Gothic. Not that there's anything wrong with that: I like their films, but so do their influence has filtered down to a new generation of filmmakers, watching Canadian movies has often felt like being trapped in a house of horrors.

Until now. With two new comedies, *Les Wedding* and *Rose Blood*—both premiering at the Toronto International Film Festival (Sept. 6 to 15)—our cinema may have turned a corner. Finally, it's learning to lighten up. These movies come from opposite edges of the country: *Les Wedding*, an artsy romantic comedy, takes place in Vancouver; *Rose Blood*, which stars William Hurt as a booze-fried chef, was shot on Newfoundland's Cape Spear. Both films mark a departure from the brooding, hermetic style of Upper Canadian cinema—they're laugh-out-loud funny. Both feature Canadian cinema's sweethearts, Maddy Paterik and in the superheated atmosphere of the Toronto festival, they will get a shot at international recognition.

The festival has become a world arena

for filmmakers, industry movers—and stars. This year's guest list includes Mick Jagger, Jane Fonda, Steve Martin, Donald Sutherland, John Cusack, Helena Bonham Carter, Kevin Kline, Kristin Scott Thomas, Glenn Close, Anthony Hopkins, Geoffrey Rush, Ed Harris and Uma Thurman. The festival is showing 326 films from 56 countries. But it also maintains a staunch Canadian mandate, and launches the new season of home-grown cinema. This year's crop of 27 features is not especially strong. Most of the country's veteran directors—Cronenberg, Egoyan, Debra Anderson, Robert LePage and Patricia Rozema—didn't have new pictures ready to premiere. But that proved fortunate for *Les Wedding*'s 35-year-old Vancouver director, Bruce Sweeney, who landed the festival's prestigious opening-night spot. And even if it was by default, the honour was well-deserved. *Les Wedding* is a three-ring comedy of imploding relationships, a tale of the venetian, jocular, most outright outrageous Canadian film in recent memory.

Time and again, the question is asked: If Canada is the world's leading exporter of comedy stars to Hollywood—names like Jim Carrey and Mike Myers—why are our movies so dull? Why can't we make a good comedy? Perhaps because when we try, our efforts are often pale imitations of Hollywood friends. Sweeney sought

out darker influences. While creating the template for *Les Wedding*, he studied Woody Allen's *Annie Hall* and *Wit*, Neil LaBute's *Her Private & Neighbors*, Todd Solondz's *Happiness* and Ingmar Bergman's *Some of Us Have Secretaries*. But Sweeney's film is also a work of ruthless originality, with a profoundly Canadian sensibility. In one priceless scene, an English professor dining in his office blithely occasions the Carli's crisis, from Margaret Laurence to Alice Munro—while he receives a disinterested hand job from a student.

OK, I know what you're thinking: that here's yet another kinky Cusack movie based on weird sex. But *Les Wedding* is more hilarious than disgusting. And after his first two features, *Les Not* and *Dory*, Sweeney has managed to take a step into the mainstream without losing his edge. This showed ensemble comedy unfolds around three couples. A waterpoofing specialist named Noah (Benjamin Ratner) rambles into a hairy marriage to Zipporah (Frida Berron), a clueless country-and-western singer. Peter (Tim Scholten), the wine-tasting Canada post, bumps his lesbian wife (Nancy Seidle) with a slurry student. And Shane (Vincent Gallo), an offbeat indie, goes pale when his wife (Patricia) launches his own underwear career as a high-powered firm.

Although Sweeney sets a distinct tone, and threads the comedy with a needling so-

cial critique, his movie feels more surreal than directed. Borrowing angular techniques from British filmmaker Mike Leigh, he built the script out of workshops with his cast. And while admitting Egoyan and Cronenberg, he doesn't share their approach. "There's a kind of Toronto style," says Sweeney, "and there's a West Coast style, which is not so much about the people, not so dark, and more idiosyncrasy-driven."

Then there's the East Coast schizoid of *Rose Blood*, which taps into Newfoundland's tradition of voyeuristic lust. In director, Sarah Gammann, born in Toronto, but who has lived in Iceland, And she films tend to convey a vivid sense of location, from civil war in El Salvador (*Apocalypse Now*) to social class in *Blue Jay* (*Such a Long Journey*). After shooting on the Rock, tap Gammann, "I seem to be finding my way back to Iceland." Her next movie, in fact, is a Canadian-Island co-production of *Blood*.

As a director who doesn't write his own scripts, Gammann has never enjoyed the credit of auteurism who employ a more self-conscious style. "I think a director work shouldn't be seen," argues the 50-year-old filmmaker, who cut his teeth making documentaries. "You know what John Ford said about directing: point the camera at the actor." And in *Les Wedding*, which Edward Riche adapted from his own novel, Gammann exposes richly detailed performances from Hurt—and from former *Code of Honor* Andy Jones.

Jones plays Alphonsie, a nutty Newfoundlanders who has built a "recreational submarine vehicle," and salvaged a sack of contraband cocaine. Hurt portrays his friend Dave, a haughty canine chef who goes a fishing restaurant on a remote reef. Suddenly he is back in business when

leaders start flocking to the sea—after Alphonsie has spread false rumors that an exotic duck species has been sighted nearby. Using Gary Filini, the Toronto-based producer of the 35-million movie, insisted on casting a marriage scene. But Hurt, who runs off a subtle Newfoundland accent, is at home in the role of a dazed and confused nouveau. And in his love interest, Maddy Paterik slips in and out of the movie like a warm breeze. Admired for her chemistry with Hurt, Gammann's son says, without missing a beat: "Maddy has chemistry with everybody."

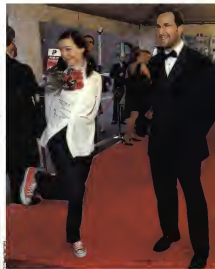
Paterik, who has moved from Vancouver to Los Angeles, is the 1st Girl of Canadian cinema. Two years launching her career as a scriptwriter in *Kissed* (1996), she's been making headlines credible. "But I've probably exhausted what I can do with

psycho-sexual movies," she told me last week over coffee, just before rushing off to find an outfit for opening night. "It's been a luxury to pursue movies that don't have to be marketable in the mainstream. On the other hand, a lot of people are interested in making movies the people will see."

Career marriage scenes is one way to do that. But it can produce some strange gifts of comedy. In *Private Gains*, California Juliette Lewis, who doesn't speak a word of French, stars in a Québécois woman adrift in Toronto who doesn't speak a word of English. Whether Lewis pulls off this feat of cross-cultural connection remains to be seen—because director Bruce McDonald (*Highway 61*) was still working on the film last week, it wasn't available for advance screening.

Canadian cinema's Jekyll and Hyde pro-

Free left: *Les Dubois* stars in *Life*, *Winstory*, *Rose Blood*, *Picture Girls*, *Cybermen* and *Les Wedding*; Canadian cinema sweetheart Maddy Paterik kinks up her heels with *Les Wedding* director Bruce Sweeney at the Toronto International Film Festival's opening night premiere (right)



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Films

serenity—flipping between commercial
ambition and creative mischief—is a per-
haps no more apparent than in *Suddenly
Naked*, a comedy by Vancouver director
Anne Wheeler. It stars Wendy Crewson, a
seasoned Canadian actress who works
both sides of the border. In *Suddenly
Naked*, she plays a famous novelist with
writer's block who has an affair with a
promising writer half her age. Acting
above and beyond the call of duty, and
staring off for two bubble-bath scenes,
Crewson carries a funny, believable char-
acter from a silly script. Although the
dialogue pops with "wittily" reported,
Suddenly Naked plays like a deliciously
bad TV movie—one that ends with our
heroine giving a reading at a ridiculous func-
tional of a PEN benefit. Only in Canada.

Quebec's cinema, meanwhile, contin-
ues to march to its own beat, and even its
young filmmakers show surprising matu-
rity. *L'Angélique*, Denis Châteauneuf's
tragicomic story of Algonquin immigrants,
is a masterful fusion of lyrical and political
drama. With *Mémoires*—set in the Victo-
rian culture of 19th-century rural Que-
bec—Catherine Martin crafts a mentally
formal yet elegant feminist masterly tale.
And in Bernard Émond's *La Fosse aux
loups*, an almost unbearably sincere drama
set in the Fifties, Blaise Goulet brings
away conviction to his role as a woman
descending into alcoholic hell.

On a brighter note, André Turpin's *Le
Cadeau* does its results in emergent cal-
culation, even if his story is archly con-
ceived, after a diving mishap, an underwater
photographer loses his equilibrium, and
flounders through a series of giddy infer-
nos. With surreal riffs on the nature of
the deep, Turpin displays the visual flat-
tish that, as a cinematographer, he brought to
Dennis Villeneuve's *Millennium* (2000). But
here he offers more rapture than depth.

So many movies by Canadian writer-
directors are confined to a world no larger
than their own imagination—in
Gregory David, David Weaver's ambitious
but erratic first feature, it's a single hotel
room spanning a century of guests. But
with *Assassins*, the horizon seems un-
limited. Now showcased in Toronto after
its triumph in Cannes, Zacharias Newkirk's
directorial debut is the world's first true
feature. Based on a 4,000-year-old legend,
it's an epic of Homeric scale, a drama
steeped with documentary authenticity in

the Arctic beauty of Baffin Island.

Canada's documentary tradition,
meanwhile, continues to mature. Paul
Cowen's *Witney* paints a harrowing
chronicle of the 1982 disaster that killed
26 coal miners in Nova Scotia. Cowen
weaves interviews of the victims' wives
with dramatic re-creations—a risky
technique, but Cowen avoids the cliche
TV clichés. And although the film's docu-
style of male-female narration seems
forced, *Witney* conveys the tragedy, and
lay blame, with heartbreaking pathos.

Lynne Stopkewich, who directed
Parker's necrophilia number in *Rain*
(1996), takes a documentary turn with
Leifabæk Típi, which chronicles Sarah
McLachlan's final Lullaby Fair tour in 1999.
There are some magical moments, notably
when the Presidenc performs. But for a
concert movie, there are too many talking
heads, and not enough music.

Paul Lynch, who likes to push the do-
cumentary form into poetic overdrive,
offers *Gylverum*, his latest portrait of re-
centric obsession. With *Prayer Ground*
(1996), he gave us Tiny Timbale, a man
trying to build a bear-proof suit of ar-
mour. *Gylverum* plumbs the wild mind
of University of Toronto professor Steve
Mason, a geek provocateur who creates
wearable computers. One of Mason's in-
ventions is the "eye cap" camera, hidden
in a pair of dark glasses, which sends video
images directly to a Web site. There are
amusing scenes of Mason covertly shooting
a chain-store employee ordering Lynch to
stop videography—while Mason protests
that he himself is being taped, without
permission, by the security cameras. As
the film explores issues of surveillance,
Mason gets a little tense. But when we
see him "staring" time—photographing
Marxism at night with gigantic flash-
bulbs—*Gylverum* transcends the media
politics with exquisite visuals.

The Road That Leads looks at a more prosaic
branch of media iconoclasm, Michael Bate
and the Ottawa crew who ran *Post*
magazine. Directed by Rick Caine, this
documentary offers a revealing inside
look at the boys club behind the rag. But
giving *Road* flat and balanced treatment
seems too kind. And it's amusing that
Canada has more fax journalists than
journalists who pry on other journalists
—a loop of voyeurism worthy of an
Egyptian movie.

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Knowledge is Confort

People Edited by Shanda Dozell



Whitley plus Kalkb plus McCain plus Jocz equal Sean 41—a small-town punk band

THE SUM OF THEIR PUNK PARTS

The guys in Sean 41 are a little distanced with his mother who is standing close by and Steve Jocz is checking out the girls at the next table. "We don't play in Canada that often," says McCain, the band's bassist. "So when we do, we try and make the best of it." Sean 41 are Canadian-born punk rockers—Dave Kalkb (aka Brown Whitley), McCain (aka Core), and Doryck Whitley (aka Bizz D)—who got their start in Agincourt, a small town community north of Toronto. But with the release of their second CD, *All Killer No Filler*, they have found an upsurge in welcome in the U.S.—where aggressive rock currently rules. "It's strange to be a Canadian band and be bigger in the States," says Jocz, the drummer. "But our kind of music isn't as

popular in Canada as it is in the U.S., and there are a lot more people there."

Clearly, the band's single *Fast Lap* is in heavy radio rotation in both countries and they received nominations for both the MTV and MuchMusic video awards. They are also scheduled to appear on *Saturday Night Live* later this fall. The guys, now between the ages of 20 and 21, formed their band 41 days into the summer after Grade 11—hence Sean 41. And to them, small communities like their own are the most natural places for Canada's new punk sound to come from. "If you go to the big city, there are just so many other things to do," explains Whitley, the band's lead vocalist. "But most of our fans come from the suburbs. There you have nothing to do except listen to music and make noise."

A centre with Sting

Unlike many modern-day professionals, Tannery Sutton-Brown won't be able to slip away to a million-dollar beachfront home this off-season. In fact, the six-foot, four-inch, 200-lb. centre with the Charlotte Song of the Women's National Basketball Association plans to supplement her \$30,000-a-year income by playing with European teams. "It would be nice to make the type of money the men make," says the 23-year-old from Markham, Ont. "But the WNBA has only been around for five years."

Sutton-Brown, while playing at Middleham District High School, was closely watched by college basketball scouts and was wooed by Rutgers University in New Jersey, where she completed a women's studies degree on a full athletic scholarship. Yet the thought of playing pro ball never crossed her mind. "I was really just thinking about getting a fine education," says Sutton-Brown, who was Charlotte's second-round draft pick in 2001.

Now that the Song's season is over—losing in the final to the Los Angeles Sparks—Sutton-Brown heads to Brazil this week, to play with the Canadian women's national team in a world championship qualifying tournament. But unlike her male counterparts, this centre will have to fly economy.



Drawing like a man

John Kitchell doesn't like to see grown men brag. "It's beyond me," says Kitchell, the Howard Stern equivalent of the animation world. "I was a little bit of a nerd when I was 14, but I never bragged about it. There is only one reason men act sensitive and bitch to get the girls' in response to the 'modern man' in touch with his feelings, and an animation industry Kitchell feels has gone soft, comes his newest animated series, *The Kipping Friends*. Described by its creator as a show about menhood, *The Kipping Friends* began

airing on Teletoon in early September. And Kitchell was surprised to hear that the 13-episode series about four half superheroes who solve every problem with their fists was given a 14-year-old and up rating. "The show is meant for little kids who are just starting to have messy instincts," says the 46-year-old Ottawa native. "I'm trying to get the kids while they're young and impressionable before they lose perspective."

The main characters are inspired by Kitchell's father, Mike. "He is the world's most manly man and is tolerant of anything wimpy," says Kitchell, who developed the monthly *Men & Shiny* show 21 years ago. "Superheroes solve everything with their fists," he says, admitting that he himself hasn't been in a fight since high school. "Cartoons nowadays don't have any fighting because of all the restrictions on TV. Real men want to see muscles hit bone." *Osborne*, anyone?



Photo by Kitchell

Photo by Kitchell

TO BOLDLY GO TO NEW POP TERRAIN

Bold, uncompromising, mystifying. New albums by Toni Amos, Laurie Anderson and Björk have raised the bar in avant-garde pop music. None of those recordings makes for easy listening. Each pushes boundaries and takes chances with deeply personal content and dramatic delivery. And not all of it makes sense. But in a time when so much pop sounds the same, each of these three artists has come up with a daringly different album. Anderson's was inspired by her multimedia stage show about *Nefy Dink*, but evolved into an examination of loneliness and death. Amos has often sung by men and most there as often haunting studies of women. Björk, meanwhile, has bravely showcased songs of startling intimacy.

Anderson was one of the first performance artists to combine music with visual imagery and cutting-edge technology. She's still best remembered for her surprise 1981 hit *O Superman*, an 11-minute single built around electronic drones and half-spoken, synthesized vocals. But on *Lift as a Serpent* (Nonesuch/Warner), her first studio album in seven years, Anderson has stripped away the effects and used minimal string accompaniment for the most part—including her own violin. Musically, the result is soothing. *How with You* is a soaring, instrumental, and *Broken* is a touching song about lost love. But too often, Anderson's lyrics are baffling, especially on *Our Beneficial Blending*, in which she com-



bines nursery rhymes with a bizarre tale about the Egyptians using nursery rags to feed ocean trains.

Similarly, Björk frequently leaves people scratching their heads. With *Vespene* (Elektra/Warner), the often Icelandic singer combines lush strings and angelic choirs with techno beats and stark themes of loss and sexuality. *Figas Pigeys*, with its dispirited assertions of "I love him" and momentary reassurances that "the loves him," is particularly hard to sit through. And some other songs, such as the ominous *An Echo, a Steam, a Machine* and *Unleash the*



In new albums, Anderson (left), Björk and Amos take chances with deeply personal content and dramatic delivery.

is most captivating when expressing a childlike joy and wonder at the beauty of us (the breathless *Chosen*) and nature (the tickling, pulsing *Above*).

Toni Amos has confronted some crisis with her evocative songs touching religion and patriarchy. Others, however, have been imposed by such frankly autobiographical compositions as *Me and a Gun*, about her own experience of rape. On her latest album, *Stronger Little Girls* (Atlantic/Warner), she takes on songs by Lou Reed, Tom Waits and the Beatles the way as across tides a sole, performing each one with a distinctive female persona. Neil Young wannabers may find it blasphemous what's the done to *Heart of Gold*, turning the gentle folk song into a raging, desecrated rocker. But Amos cleverly reinvents 1975 hit *I've Not in Love* as a portrait of a devastated, maybe psychotic, victim of assumed love. And her version of 87 *Beastie Boys* *Breakers* disturbing song about a wife murderer, is absolutely chilling. Rarely has a singer brought so much new meaning to familiar songs.

Nicholas Jewkowsky

Men and maids of the mist

With all the focus on honeymoon sales, cheesy massages, the endless and, of course, the natural wonder itself, it's easy to forget about the residents of Niagara Falls, Ont. With this in mind, Montreal-based *Géolines* set out in search of the city's "regular people" and their stories. The result is the six-part documentary series *Niagara*, airing on CBC starting Sept. 27 (7 p.m.). Among the individuals the camera follows are Karen Kaysen, who runs a local wedding chapel, Lori Hays, a mother looking to be a blackjack dealer, and



Pascal looks at real files of the Falls

George Butler, a television/cable director who is searching for love and a career on television. The most entertaining character is Mark "the

Wreck," a bickering knuckle head who uses the bridge to vent his frustrations with his.

taped in 2005, *Niagara* seems a wash attempt to cash in on the reality but that look off in Europe a few years ago and has since plagued North American television. When the subjects aren't hawking it up for the camera, they seem a little too real: watching is much like being subjected to footage of someone who's dull life in home video. Producer Amos Pascal would have been better off creating a dramatic series set in Niagara—or maybe just with footage of water, seriously telling.

John Jafari



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Entertainment Notes

The flying zoo

Alcohol and drugs are the factors most frequently raised to explain air rage. But they don't cover the half of it, according to the American author of *Air Rage* (Prometheus), Anonymous—a top-level official in an "aviation oversight organization"—and journalist Andrew R. Thomas. As dangerous as alcohol is in fostering dangerous behaviour—and airliner are unique among transport companies for their free hand with booze—the authors also finger what they call "cattle-dust" flying. Aviation guidelines in the U.S. actually mandate more legroom for dogs in cargo holds than for humans in seats. Cramped conditions, bad air quality and solar radiation mix explosively with drinking. And, the authors warn, as more and more people take to the skies, it's only going to get worse.



How much education will our children need?

Best-Sellers

Position	Author
1. THE LAST CARRIAGE, James Smith (2)	2
2. THE FLYING ZOO, Anonymous (2)	3
3. KALINGA MINE, Eric Sander (2)	4
4. THE LUTHERAN, Tom Sander (2)	7
5. THE LONG CARPENTER, Jane Sander (2)	4
6. A WINTER IN HENRIETTA, Elizabeth George (2)	8
7. THE WINTER, Anthony Sander (2)	1
8. ACCORDING TO QUINCY, David Sander (2)	10
9. THE WINTER IN HENRIETTA, Elizabeth George (2)	8
10. THE WINTER IN HENRIETTA, Elizabeth George (2)	8

Position	Author
1. THE RAY THAT CHANGED THE WORLD, James Smith (2)	2
2. THE WINTER IN HENRIETTA, Elizabeth George (2)	8
3. THE WINTER IN HENRIETTA, Elizabeth George (2)	8
4. THE WINTER IN HENRIETTA, Elizabeth George (2)	8
5. THE WINTER IN HENRIETTA, Elizabeth George (2)	8
6. THE WINTER IN HENRIETTA, Elizabeth George (2)	8
7. THE WINTER IN HENRIETTA, Elizabeth George (2)	8
8. THE WINTER IN HENRIETTA, Elizabeth George (2)	8
9. THE WINTER IN HENRIETTA, Elizabeth George (2)	8
10. THE WINTER IN HENRIETTA, Elizabeth George (2)	8

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WITH KEVIN NEWMAN





Allan Fotheringham

The sound of silence

On my island in the Pacific, some of the strangest brain transplants, summer fables and this quietly Everything on my island is quiet. Especially the deer. That's the reason people go to islands. They seek quiet. The way to find it is on my island in the Pacific.

You can walk in the woods. That makes no noise. You can sit and watch the water, which stretches to Japan. This requires no sound. You can read, the main advantage being that it is a silent activity. The surprise best read of the summer is *Shakespeare*—near the top of best-seller lists—a fascinating tale of the little horse (and his Albertus jockey) who bore the famous War Admiral in a 1938 match race and epitomized the belief that a little guy with guts can beat a big guy any time. The lady of the house, who knows nothing about horses, was fascinated by the story that a mouse than about a horse.

The main excitement—something we take holidays to avoid—was the quiet arrival of two doves, wanted by the police, they being professional house burglars. Why would anybody go to an island to house-burgle and plan to escape? This would puzzle Inspector Clausen. They knocked off three houses—jewels, money, safe—and, quickly chased by the cops, ran out of what you would expect island. Once cornered, one attempted to escape in a stolen rubber boat while using a two-by-four as an oar, the other in a kayak. Peter Sellers, whose are you when we need you?

On my island in the Pacific, the daily miracle is that each morning at 8 sharp, there arrives at the noon-and-pag grocery store *The New York Times* (five pounds on Sunday), printed in Portland, Ore. There are only two tennis courts and they are remarkably quiet also, since the ladies in their morning matches still whisper for some strange feminine reason, "sorry" when a good shot escapes an opponent. I guess they've never studied Jimmy Connors on John McEnroe.

There is the problem about the deer. Two Barbies were killed on the road the other day. Autos, especially those deplorable SUVs, are larger than Barbies. There are 3,000 deer on my island, the very same number as human inhabitants. There is a noise atmosphere—the 20-page island weekly paper called *Undercurrents* reports—that the local council meeting wherein there is a debate on "bow hunting." Meaning dispatching Barbies with bow and arrow. "Throughout the, at times,

volatile meeting, three bow hunters fawn off-land and sit silently in the back of the audience."

Ms. Evans, a "wild-life biologist with the ministry of water, land and air protection," roared that "wildlife is owned by everybody"—interrupted by shouts of "Who invited you?" Counselor Underhill volunteered, "I don't like many of the hunters. However, we are rural. I believe we should have hunting." Two of the three "off-land" bow hunters "appeared extremely nervous." That has been the only audible ferment on our island of quiet.

There has been, granted, the threat of golf. Some misguided chaleters are trying to raise money to build a nine-hole course, liberating those who want to indulge in the only sport that allows middle-aged, middle-class men to dress up like penguins. There has also been the dreadful development concerning the house types who built a small vineyard, with a fine restaurant and small hotel adjoining, in what their neighbors complained was a residential area. The concept has died and now the building may house a drug-rehabilitation unit. You should hear the neighbors now! We were quiet!

The world-famous birthday celebration, wherein the birthday boy invites the exact number of guests to equal his age, was the usual silent success, with one guest flying in from Montreal, another trying to drive from California, and two hunters arriving on their own saghows, one a columnist at the *National Post*, the other a much-published national author. Both moderately declined from tilting a lot. We love quiet! The singing birthday cake was a hit.

The kids who gather at the tables outside the coffee shop early each morning at usual solve all the world's problems in 45 minutes. The major regret is that Vanessa, who used to read the heading used in the park with them that went up to them and a tip that went down to them has retired to have a baby. Last summer's major feature—creagers shooting at noisy Sea-Doos with home-made bazooka guns armed with new potatoes—has apparently died down.

The summer-end annual parade starting the town fire truck spraying the children and raising our candles and, lasting just 25 minutes, has an air class act the sports car that bears on my island in the Pacific, the "Dog-of-the-Year." The rest is silence.



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